Bureau of Rolls & Library,
OCT 23 1895
Department of State

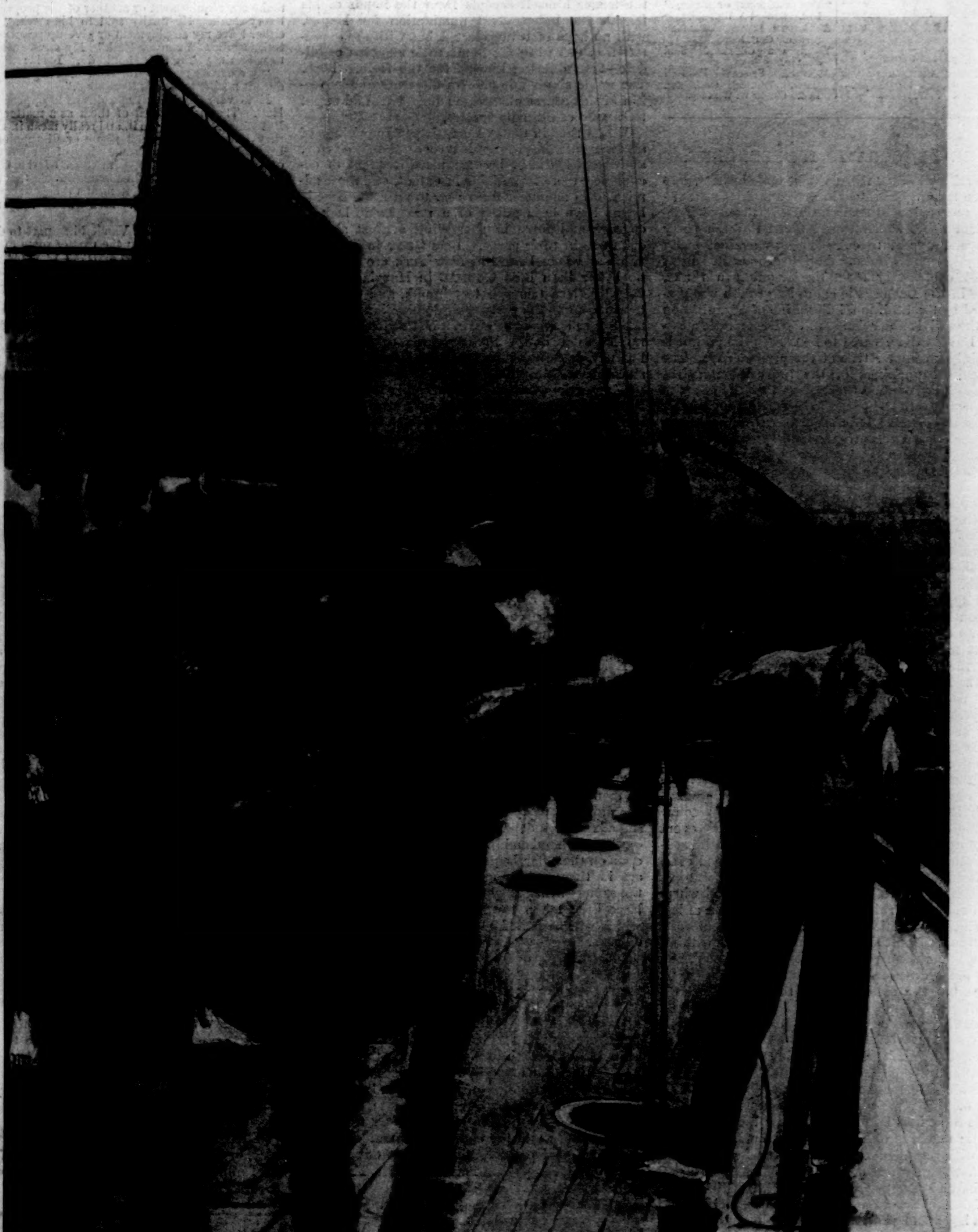
HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXXIX.—No. 2027.
Copyright, 1895, by Harper & Brothers.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1895.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

LIBRARY
OCT 23 1895
DEP'T OF STATE



IN CHASE.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 1024.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

NEW YORK CITY, OCTOBER 26, 1895.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

CONTENTS, NO. 2027.

IN CHASE. Illustrated. R. F. Zogbaum.
EDITORIALS.
A CLOSE CALL. A Typical Grade-Crossing Incident.
'CENSION. Serial Story. Part I. Ill'd. Maud Mason Austin.
LIFE AND LETTERS. W. D. Howells.
THE CONSCIENTIOUS MAGISTRATE. Poem. John Kendrick Bangs.
ART IN SHIP-BUILDING. Ill'd. Francis Churchill Williams.
AROUND THE WORLD WITH the Transportation Commission. Northern India—Benares, the Holy City. Illustrated.
THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF THE United States. First Paper.—Teachers. F. W. Hewes.
MR. GLADSTONE IN HIS STUDY AT Hawarden. Double-page Illustration.
A RECENT JOURNEY THROUGH the West. Seventh Paper. American Comfort and Luxury. Julian Ralph.
MAIL-CARS ON A NEW YORK Street Railroad. Illustrated.
A HOUSE-BOAT ON THE STYX. Serial Story. Part X. Ill'd. John Kendrick Bangs.
THE CLEANING OF THE STREETS of New York. George E. Waring, Jun., Commissioner.
"THE PRISONER OF ZENDA." Ill'd. Edward A. Dithmar.
A REFORM IN THE CONSULAR Service. G. G. Bain.
TOWN AND COUNTRY. Joel Benton.
AMATEUR SPORT. Football Rules. Football, Golf, Etc. Ill'd. Caspar W. Whitney.

THE DEMOCRATIC INDEPENDENT.

SOME years ago, when the so-called Mugwump made his appearance in active politics as a distinct power, it was commonly said that the independent spirit which would break through party lines and appeal to conscience as against party corruption and machine despotism recruited itself almost exclusively from the Republican ranks, while in the Democratic camp its growth was prevented by the traditional discipline of organization and the stolid subserviency of the Democratic masses. But if this appeared to be true in the past, it is certainly no longer true at the present day. The determined uprisings of the independent spirit, which do not confine themselves to futile effort at "reform within the party," are now throughout of Democratic origin; and they are carried on with the same boldness and energy which characterized the Republican revolt against **BLAINE** eleven years ago. The Democratic Mugwump has come to the front in force; and it must be said that the objects he is aiming at and the courage with which he pursues them are among the most promising signs of the times.

In Kentucky the Democratic party has for a generation been adhered to by the masses with a feeling akin to religious reverence. With this feeling the impression that the Democratic party was in the South the main bulwark of "white supremacy" had no doubt much to do. But when the intelligent men of Kentucky had become convinced that the free-coinage craze prevailing throughout the South and West threatened to bring on a great danger to our national honor as well as our prosperity, and that salvation was to be found only in adherence to the gold standard, and when the Democratic State Convention had adopted a platform substantially embodying that doctrine, and the Democratic candidate for the Governorship repudiated that platform, thousands of Kentucky Democrats made up their minds to vote for the Republican candidate, contemplating the event of Kentucky "going Republican" with a calm self-possession which would have made the blood of an old-fashioned Kentucky colonel run cold.

A similar spectacle we behold in Maryland, where the vicious boss rule of Senator **GORMAN** has at last convinced patriotic and self-respecting Democrats that the old inane self-delusion of reform "within" a machine-ridden party has to be abandoned, and that more drastic measures must be resorted to. There, too, the recognition of the necessity of delivering the Democratic party and the State from the galling yoke of **GORMAN** domination has called forth a spirit of Democratic independence which does not shrink from the medicine of a Democratic defeat and the election of a Republican Governor.

Coming nearer home, we remember the uprisings of last year, which overwhelmed the Democratic State boss **DAVID B. HILL** and the local Democratic machine of Tammany Hall with crushing majorities swelled by Democratic votes, the fight against the Democratic local machines being still carried on by public-spirited Democrats in New York, Buffalo, and Brooklyn. In Brooklyn especially that fight has assumed an almost ideal character worthy of particular contemplation. The Democratic organization had long been controlled by a boss of the ordinary type, who carried on politics for revenue, held his following by the distribution of plunder, and, whenever he succeeded at an election, foisted his leeches upon the municipal administration. The result was, as usual in such cases, organized corruption and robbery. The Democratic discontent with this state of things found a worthy leader peculiarly fitted for the needed work in Mr. **EDWARD M. SHEPARD**. His high character, as well as his eminent ability, commands the absolute confidence of his followers—in fact, of the community at large. He frankly avers that he wishes the Democratic party of Brooklyn to be united, but that this union can be secured only by the nomination of men absolutely worthy of public trust as Democratic candidates for the municipal offices. Such nominations are refused by the machine. Now he and his friends courageously declare their determination to see to it that in the future Brooklyn shall have no Democratic municipal administration until the candidates nominated by the Democrats are such in point of character and ability as to render the public interest safe and the Democratic organization worthy of trust. And the leader himself accepts from the hands of his friends the independent nomination for Mayor, with no hope of being elected, but with the expectation of defeating the Democratic machine candidate—thus offering himself for the forlorn hope. The noble single-mindedness, directness, and heroism of this course challenge admiration, and ought to be sure of ultimate success.

While thus in the Democratic party uprisings of an independent spirit against corruption, boss rule, and treachery have become more frequent of occurrence, more formidable in extent, and more admirable in character from year to year, the Republicans have been guilty of a remarkable lack of courage and force in struggling against similar evils within their party. Boss **QUAY** in Pennsylvania and Boss **PLATT** in New York are certainly no better than Boss **GORMAN** in Maryland. But they fly from triumph to triumph, and the more humiliating to the party their domination becomes, the firmer it seems to grow. Not as if there were no Republicans in Pennsylvania or New York heartily detesting Boss **QUAY** or Boss **PLATT**, and sincerely wishing to oust them from power. But whenever the question arises whether those Republican opponents of Republican bosses are willing to push their opposition beyond the line of their party, and risk a party defeat for the dethronement of the bosses, a majority of them almost always shrinks back from reform through party defeat as from a mortal sin. There are probably in every Republican county, every Republican Senatorial district, every Republican Assembly district of this State, anti-**PLATT** Republicans enough to destroy the **PLATT** influence if they had the spirit to follow Mr. **SHEPARD**'s example, and to declare that no Republican shall be elected in that county or in that Senatorial or Assembly district so long as the **PLATT** influence controls the nominations. And why should they not render their State and their party such a service?

Evidently the Republican party, which first gave birth to the Mugwump, has now something to learn from the Democrats as to the cultivation of an independent spirit. It has reason for being ashamed of lagging so conspicuously behind. But the example of the Democratic Mugwump is already exercising a very beneficial influence in greatly facilitating the working together for special public ends of men of similar ways of thinking who pass under different party names. And as this influence spreads, and independently inclined Republicans on the one hand and independently inclined Democrats on the other begin to discover that their aims are in the most important respects substantially the same—which they really are—a long step will have been taken toward a new party formation, which will be hailed as a blessing by all patriotic citizens.

THE TRUE ISSUE.

WE present to our readers the principal part of a speech made at the Chamber of Commerce by Mr. **CHARLES S. FAIRCHILD**. We present it because it is an important utterance, perhaps the most important thus far made in the struggle now going on for the redemption of this city, and because it has not appeared elsewhere. It seems more nearly than any other utterance to lay before the people of New York and the country the real danger in our municipal politics, and to point out the true issue of the campaign. This is what Mr. **FAIRCHILD** said:

> Much as I sympathize with the position of the Good Government Clubs in favor of a complete severance of municipal affairs from general political considerations, I do not think we are here at this time to establish any principle, even so good a one as that; nor are we here to sit as a committee to pass and examine upon the qualifications of various members of the bar for judgeships. And if we were, we would not be competent to hold such examination. Having secured honest men, capable men, men fit for the positions to which they are nominated, we have done our best. We are here for another purpose, however, and that I illustrate as follows:
>
> Yesterday Mr. Charles S. Smith pointed out Mr. Vanderbilt to me, crossing Forty-second Street, saying, "There is one wealthy man who had courage last year."
>
> "How so?" I asked.
>
> "Why, Mr. Vanderbilt gave us not only his money, but, what was more, he gave us his name. There were other wealthy men in New York who gave us as much money as did Mr. Vanderbilt, but declined to have their names revealed on any consideration, lest, should the movement against Tammany Hall fail, they and their affairs would be subject to persecution and oppression."
>
> Gentlemen, in my judgment we are here to make permanent a condition whereunder no one will say that Mr. Vanderbilt is a brave man because he dares to have it known that he does what he conceives to be his public duty. But if it be courage in Mr. Vanderbilt, what is it in humbler men who cannot so well protect themselves as can he? I could give you many instances of persecution of men because they dared resist that great power. I have in mind one young man who is a clerk in a livery-stable. He took part actively in 1892 against Tammany Hall. Presently the government of the city began to make one requirement or another of the proprietor of the livery-stable. He finally said to his clerk, "You must either leave my employment or give up your political activity against Tammany Hall." My advice was asked as to what the young man should do. I said:
>
> "We can do nothing for him. Advise him to surrender his manhood for his livelihood."
>
> It is very easy for Republicans to oppose Tammany Hall. That is expected of them as a matter of course. But when Democrats do it, and really mean it, not because they have some personal pique or disappointment, but because they take the same view of the wrongs of that organization as do you, gentlemen of the Chamber of Commerce—I say when Democrats do this, that is a serious matter. If successfully, it means the destruction of the power of Tammany Hall. Men who do this are pursued bitterly to the end.
>
> If it be courage on Mr. Vanderbilt's part to do what he did last year, what is it on the part of some of these men whom I have in mind? I tell you that many of them, whatever else they be, have in them some of the stuff of which heroes are made!
>
> I have not cared who was named upon this ticket, nor how many places were given to the Democratic opponents of Tammany Hall; but I did wish that to whomever they were given, it should be to men who were somewhat near to the people who have taken these risks. I believed that the three men named fairly met these requirements. I was satisfied that they were good men, fit men. All three of them had exposed their business and themselves to all the disadvantages that come to men who make themselves formidable to Tammany Hall in this city. I wished that such men—some of them—should be put upon this ticket in order that encouragement might be given to other men to do likewise, in order that it might be said that the Chamber of Commerce did not ostracize men and proclaim them unfit to hold public office because they had dared in their own way and in their own locality to do what they could to break down that dominating power.
>
> I have spoken somewhat warmly on this subject because I have been very near to it, and because I have deep feeling upon it. No, gentlemen, we are not here for any other purpose than to make permanent a condition of things whereunder an honest man can live and preserve his manhood in this city of New York.

It seems to us that this speech is weighty and eloquent with truth. Shall New York be a free city, or shall its government become again the travesty on republican institutions that it was when Tammany was in power? Shall every citizen of the metropolis express his opinions and work for the objects that may seem to him good without fear of the tyranny that only a short year ago was compelling men to pause and consider whether they should "surrender their manhood for their livelihood"? That is the issue that is now before the people of New York. It is of far greater importance to this city and to the whole country than any other that can be imagined. Are we to have the right to fight Tammany, or any other evil that may arise in our municipal life, without incurring such persecution as Mr. **FAIRCHILD** so strongly describes, or are we to go again under the yoke?

When Tammany is in power the Democrats who make war upon it are mercilessly and cruelly persecuted, and every vote against the fusion ticket is a vote for the restoration of conditions under which a citizen must be brave if he perform the duty and exercise the rights demanded of him and bestowed upon him by the law. For a year each citizen has felt that he might dare to say and do whatever legal word or act he chose to say or do. Shall this state of affairs continue, or shall we crawl back under the lash of Tammany tyrants, who maintain their power by depriving men who assert their manhood of their means of livelihood?

The question shall we be free citizens of a free city, or shall we again become the fearful victims of Tammany, is a larger one than that which controls the action of the Good Government Clubs, or than that of which some aspiring German politicians have taken advantage to attempt the sale of the German American Reform Union. It is not only larger than the excise question, but the excise question cannot be affected by a Tammany triumph. The Germans have the right to protest against our excise laws, and the time will come when they can do so effectively. But if they help Tammany to victory this year, they will make no effective protest. If they elect Purroy as County Clerk, or Smythe as Justice of the Supreme Court, those men cannot help them. But they can help Tammany, and they will. The Germans who permit Mr. Ridder to sell their votes to Tammany will gain nothing. Mr. Ridder has undertaken to sell them for the nomination of Mr. MacLean for Justice of the Supreme Court. Do they like to be sold in this way? Do they like the price that Mr. Ridder has obtained for them? What will they get by the bargain? They will not get any change in the excise law, for the county officers whom they elect will have no voice on that subject. They will not hurt Strong or Roosevelt, for they are in office until January 1, 1898. All that they will accomplish by the election of the Tammany ticket will be the restoration of the "bosses," who have terrorized them before, and will terrorize them again; who will make life in the city unsafe, and vice triumphant, and corruption fat with the proceeds of blackmail, and manhood impossible to all but heroes. If the Germans want to bestow on Tammany the power to persecute them, and to drive them out of business and employment if they raise a finger against that organization, they will confirm Mr. Ridder's attempted sale of them, but it is to be hoped that all citizens will realize the force and meaning of Mr. Fairchild's speech, and will help to save the city, and "to make permanent a condition of things whereunder an honest man can live and preserve his manhood in this city of New York."

THE IMPENDING CURRENCY QUESTION.

Mr. Carlisle's speech before the Reform Club at Boston is a striking supplement to Mr. Edward Atkinson's article on "The Cost of Bad Money," which was published in the Weekly of October. Mr. Carlisle and Mr. Atkinson had the same object in view, and each demonstrated in his own way the extravagance of the attempt to keep in circulation money that is not intrinsically good, and whose acceptance by the commercial community is secured by enormous and costly effort. Mr. Atkinson's article showed the expense of the government's paper money to the people, and the gains that were made through the greenbacks by those whose earnings were in the form of profits, and whose enterprises were carried on by dealings in the products of others and by the employment of the labor of others. These advantages, which were bestowed at the cost of the producer and the wage-earner, laid the foundations of the enormous fortunes that have been largely responsible for the socialistic outcry against all wealth and all enterprise. It is unnecessary, however, to go over the grounds of Mr. Atkinson's article except for the purpose of reminding our readers of his argument for the retirement of the greenbacks.

Mr. Carlisle's speech at Boston was devoted to showing the cost of paper money to the government, and of the consequent union between the Treasury and the banks. We know generally that the cost to the people in actual money has been great, and we know that the cost to the business interests of the country has been the loss of confidence and of credit and the bringing on of panics. And now Mr. Carlisle gives us the money cost to the government, and shows that nearly $100,000,000 might have been saved if in 1879, the date of our supposed resumption of specie payments, the greenbacks had been funded in four-per-cent. bonds. It has been objected, in answer to Mr. Carlisle's statement of the cost of the greenbacks, that the government has had the advantage of using the $385,000,000 in greenbacks and Treasury notes which have been redeemed since 1879 for money after their redemption. But that is another question. These paper notes were paid out in consequence of extravagant appropriations made by recent Congresses, and we ought not to confuse the two questions—the question of currency and that of public expenditures. Expenditures ought not to have been extravagant, and the Treasury should not have been compelled to levy a forced loan by the reissue of the redeemed greenbacks or of the Treasury notes. Notwithstanding the use of this paper by the government, it nevertheless remains the fact that the country owes the principal of bonds aggregating $258,000,000, and that it has paid out interest on them the sum of $73,000,000, making a total of $331,000,000 owing and paid out on a bonded indebtedness incurred for maintaining this paper currency. Adding the outstanding greenbacks to this sum, we find that the cost of this kind of money to the present month is $677,000,000. If the greenbacks had been funded in 1879 at four per cent. their cost would have been to-day only $579,000,000, so that the practical repeal of the resumption act has cost the government about $98,000,000.

How long is this expensive and bad currency to be maintained? Mr. Atkinson has shown us that "from the dates of their enactment down to the present day these notes [the greenbacks], by their issue and continued reissue, have increased the actual taxes which have been imposed upon the people of this country to the amount of not less $2,000,000,000." The Secretary of the Treasury has shown that if the greenbacks had been funded when Congress passed the resumption act, the government would have been better off by nearly $100,000,000 than it is to-day. We have seen the effect of the greenback and the Treasury note at a time when confidence in the monetary system of the government was lacking. When the government was in need of every dollar it could command, this currency of its own creation was used to drag its gold out of the Treasury, and to increase the ills of the business community. The laudable declaration of the administration, which was repeated by Mr. Carlisle at Boston, of its purpose to maintain the parity of all kinds of government currency with gold, has been an incentive to the use of the paper promises of the government for the purpose of obtaining gold. How long will the people stand this condition of things? How long will they permit their Congressmen to use the money question in their game of politics? Will Mr. Reed, for example, be guilty of anything like his performance of last year, when he encouraged the Republicans, always more than obedient to him, to defeat a bill that would probably have prevented the subsequent drains of gold?

As Mr. Carlisle said, "The responsibility is upon the people and their representatives in Congress to determine whether the public debt shall be increased from time to time in order to redeem and reissue this paper, which, to say the least, is of doubtful constitutionality." There is, as he also said, "more than one way in which an adequate and safe currency can be secured for the use of the people without perverting the powers of the government or subjecting its credit to the vicissitudes of either legitimate trade or reckless speculation." The country has the right to expect that the Republican majority in the House of Representatives will find one of these ways, and will at least take one step during the coming winter towards the reform of the currency. There is no doubt that in the performance of this task the Republicans will have as sincere and earnest assistance from the administration as the Democrats would receive if they were in control of legislation. Both Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Carlisle have convinced the country that their services and their influence are at the command of any Congressional majority that is able and willing to bring the relief that is needed to the people and to the Treasury. The leaders of the Republican majority have declared that their party alone is to be trusted in this work. Certainly upon it alone rests the responsibility, so far as the House of Representatives is concerned. Its efforts will be aided by the executive branch of the government. If its leaders are sincere, they can find a way and pass a bill The bill may be defeated in the Senate by an alliance between Populists and silver men, but it cannot be if such an alliance is met by a combination between sound-money Democrats and Republicans. A good currency bill can be passed, and if the Republicans are wise they will see to it that the Senate receive a bill that will appeal to public sentiment as strongly as it was appealed to by the "unconditional repeal" bill of 1893.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN GOLD-MINE SPECULATION.

London has witnessed an end-of-the-century South-Sea Bubble, and the collapse seems to have come, although as yet there are no signs that there will be a verification of the prediction of a writer in the *Nineteenth Century* to the effect that the collapse must be "so huge that the entire business world will feel the shock."

London has seldom been disturbed by such a fury of speculation as that which has taken place in the shares of the South African gold-mines. The mining market furnished the interesting news of the day to a large number of the English people, who poured their money into brokers' offices. As much as £25,000 a week was expended in advertising new ventures. Throgmorton Street was often so crowded that the police were called upon to interfere. Many stockbrokers doubled their staffs. Everybody talked about the Witwatersrand and other mines, and many threw their money into the pool, where it was managed by those who controlled the properties very much after the manner in which our own Mr. Jay Gould was accustomed to manage the money that the lambs of Wall Street were wont in his day to invest in his various railroad ventures.

So fierce has been the speculation in these South African mining shares that the Witwatersrand shares rose from £30,000,000 to £150,000,000. Some shares rose 3000 per cent. in a few months, although they had paid no dividends.

Naturally one would expect a collapse after such feverish speculation But the property represented by the shares, according to honest and capable engineers who have examined it, is of enormous value The Witwatersrand formation is more than fifty miles long, and the works of the mines extend over twenty miles of this distance There are employed about the works 50,000 native and 8000 European miners, and there are 2700 stamps in operation. Moreover, this body of ore, which is more regularly distributed than the ore of any other gold region in the world, shows no signs of decreasing, and Dr. Schweisser and Mr Hamilton Smith, the experts who examined the mines, estimate the value of the gold in the Witwatersrand district at between £300,000,000 and £350,000,000. Besides, the profits of working are enormous, especially since the application of what is known as the cyanide process of extraction secures from 80 to 85 per cent. of the gold in the ore, instead of the 50 per cent. that was the rule under the old systems. Nevertheless, neither the wealth of the region nor the profit at which the mining is carried on sustains the prices that have been obtained for the shares in the London market. The writer in the *Nineteenth Century* estimates that if next year the mines make a profit of £3,500,000, or £1,000,000 more than the total profit of 1894, the dividends would be only 2¼ per cent. on the market prices of the shares in September, when speculation was at its height.

The market has been manipulated. The several companies owning and operating the mines are small, the average capital of a mine being about £150,000, the shares being £1 each, and the few shares that are held outside of the "control" are sent up and down by means of news manufactured in South Africa. It is another case of a gullible public with plenty of money waiting impatiently for an opportunity to invest, and a lot of shifty directors with a talent for disturbing rumors and a greed for money.

Fortunately for the commercial world, no great banking houses seem to be in danger, and the evil consequences of a collapse may therefore be minimized.

THE AGE OF RETIREMENT.

A vote of thanks might properly be given to a Treasury Committee in England for valuable service in settling a delicate question which has occupied the attention of this country. The committee, composed of Lord Playfair, Lord Welby, and Sir M. W. Ridley, was appointed by the Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury to consider the question of the desirability of a fixed age for the compulsory retirement of professors serving under the crown. Their report is a well-considered and temperate document.

The sum of it is a recommendation that there should be fixed rules of superannuation of college professors and presidents; that when a professor reaches the age of sixty-five, the president should be required to report on his efficiency; at the age of seventy his retirement should be absolute. A college president should be retired at seventy, but at seventy-five his retirement should be absolute.

The names of the committee lend authority to the conclusions of their report. They are of interest to us in this country. Our system of army and navy retirement has been much criticised. Here, as in England, we are trying to face the difficulties of the superannuation question, not only with college professors and judicial officers, but with many other valuable and valued classes of officials both in public and private charges.

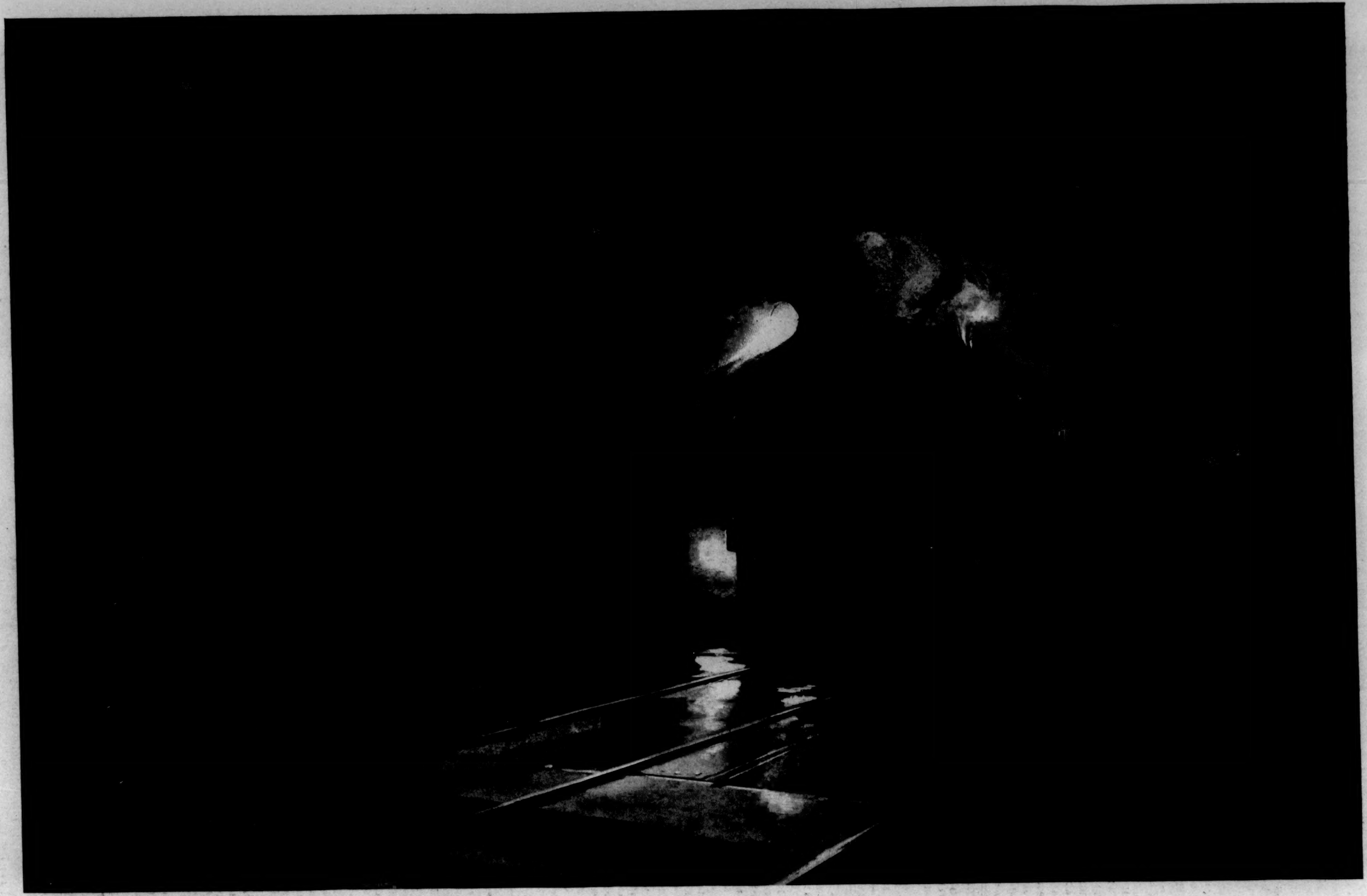
While we wish to show every consideration to men who have grown old in honorable services, we must at the same time recognize the principle that the question of efficiency is the vital one, to which all merely personal interests must give way. The college is more than the professor; the army more than the general. No one has a right to hold any public position to the detriment of the general service of which he forms a part.

The English report cannot be accused of undue harshness in dealing with this delicate question. On the contrary, it is too lenient. There are two considerations which render it undesirable that the conduct of public trusts should be left in the hands of men much over sixty. One is that these men have generally outgrown that condition of receptivity and initiative under which alone the most valuable results are to be expected; the other is that in every field of human activity men who are not only younger and stronger, but who are also more modern, stand ready and waiting to fill these positions. They, too, are entitled to consideration.

THE INSTITUTE OF FRANCE.

The Institute of France celebrates its centenary from the 23d to the 26th of this present month of October. Richelieu established the *Académie Française* in 1635, but the French Institute, which included that academy and three others—those of Physical Science, Moral and Political Science, and the Fine Arts—dates from the 3d Brumaire of the year IV. During the First Empire the Academy of Moral and Political Science was suppressed, but a new academy of scholarship and archæology was created, under the title of *L'Académie d' Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres*. Afterwards, in 1832, the suppressed academy was revived, so now there are five in the Institute. At present the French Academy has forty members, the Academy of Sciences sixty-eight, the academies of Fine Arts and of Moral and Political Science forty each. Each academy has also a number of *membres libres*. The French Academy consists entirely of French writers, and elects no foreign members; but the other four academies elect from six to ten foreign members apiece, and from forty-eight to a hundred correspondents. To be chosen a foreign member of the French Institute is reckoned the highest honor that can be conferred on a man of learning by his brethren in France. It is a distinction that was conferred, as will be remembered, on the late Richard M. Hunt.

All foreign and corresponding members of the Institute are invited to its celebration this month. The exercises include various receptions and meetings on the 23d, 24th, and 25th, a banquet on the evening of the 24th, a representation at the Théâtre Français on the afternoon of the 25th, and a visit on that day to the Duc d'Aumale at Chantilly. Of the foreign members of the academies of Political Science, Inscriptions, and Physical Science, the seniors are respectively Mr. Gladstone, Professor Max Müller, and Lord Kelwin, and the senior foreign member of the Academy of Fine Arts is Verdi. Such names as these give one an idea what an extraordinary gathering of wise men the Institute's centenary will see.



A CLOSE CALL—A TYPICAL GRADE-CROSSING INCIDENT.—Drawn by W. Louis Sonntag, Jun.

'CENSION.

BY MAUD MASON AUSTIN.—ILLUSTRATED BY W. A. ROGERS.

> "So every spirit, as it is more pure,
> And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
> So it the fairer body doth procure
> To habit in, and it more fairly dight
> With cheerful grace and amiable sight.
> For soul is form, and doth the body make."
>
> —*Spenser.*

I.

WANING summer, as if weary with propagation, languished over the Rio Grande Valley. All day the little feathered habitants of the province, bathing themselves in the sun, had trilled rondos with many *da capos*, but no *fine*. All mundane things panted under the sun's receding glare. Unabashed by consciousness of a leafy provision elsewhere, it poured upon the bare austerity of landscape, and frolicked afar over the verdureless miles. The flocks of goats that flecked the open stretches looked like painted card-board animals in a child's nursery menagerie. Some patient burros, lately relieved of their burdens of mesquit roots, were making lazily, like a squad of ducks, for a near *jacal*.

The silence was unbroken, save for the "caw, caw" of a tardy-sailing crow overhead, or the half-sad whistle of a *cordoniz*, with an occasional swish, swish, as the yellow waters of the Rio Grande lapped encroachingly the reeds on its banks. To the girl standing there ankle-deep in the sun-bleached grass the infinite distances of sunset sky seemed to hold a peculiar significance. Every line of her graceful figure, her unstudied attitude, was enhanced by her simple dress. It was only a short petticoat of nondescript red, and a loose blouse of sleazy white cotton that had seen many washings; but it clung softly, falling away from a throat faultless in contour if not in coloring. A half-sleeve left bare a sloping wrist, brown like the small hands and tapering fingers that would have graced a duchess. Her *rebosa* had slipped from her head in her intentness, and a wealth of blackest hair clung around her face and neck in those soft curves that are so charming but so rare in the usual straight locks of her country-women.

A sound as of breaking twigs on her right seemed to recall 'Cension to earthly thoughts. Her almost glorified look gave place to a half-troubled expression, as if life's unpleasant earthliness had returned to her. A small figure stood nervously hesitating before showing itself beyond the mesquit bushes in front. This figure, in a long-skirted dress that did not quite hide two exceedingly brown feet, held a black mantilla in quaint nunnish fashion over her tightly braided locks, disclosing an unchildlike face with two restless black eyes.

Little Anita seemed at first irresolute; then, throwing the end of the shawl with quick determination over her left shoulder, in that peculiarly Mexican fashion acquired by them in their very infancy, one verily believes, she came out into the waste, half meadow, half prairie, where her sister stood. She slipped a little hand into 'Cension's shapely one hanging listlessly down, and did not speak for a moment; then taking the hand in both her small ones, she said, softly, like one understanding the art of sweet sympathy:

"'Cension, dearie, Eduardo is there. They want you."

They stood thus quite still for a moment; then laying her palm on the little girl's shoulder, 'Cension said, in a musical, almost a pathetic, voice, "Anita *mia*, I will come."

They passed through numerous uneven, circumscribed fields. Don Ricardo, their father, with much painstaking, had partitioned these into little ridged squares for irrigating summer crops, long since transferred to the granaries. A few yards further they came out into the public *camino* which leads to Paso del Norte. As they walked along between the cottonwoods, where the fast-falling night seemed suddenly closing in, Anita looked down at the delightfully soft, fine dust which fairly gave a delicious thrill to each naked toe, and said:

"You do not mind? You are not angry with me, 'Cension? I did not want to come; they sent me. I knew you would rather be *there*," giving a backward jerk of her small head; then, more hesitatingly, "You do not want to see Eduardo?"

"Anita, child, what can you mean? Of course I want to see Eduardo," and a quick flash passed over the face which the little sister did not see. The tone awed the child, and she walked demurely along without again looking at the face above her. Her poor little heart sank despondingly as she felt that perhaps 'Cension might think that she was not herself overpleased to see Eduardo. This was indeed only too true, the shrinking, sensitive child experiencing nothing but nervous shyness when the swaggering figure and bold eyes of that gentleman put in an appearance at the *rancho*.

At a turn of the road they came into a narrower one, almost a lane, bordered by a hedge, and so to Don Ricardo Dorantes's ancestral hall. Out-buildings, corrals, goat-sheds, vineyards, and complicated extension of sun-dried brick walls presented no mean inventory of creature comfort. The front of the building had once been whitewashed, but though it now presented an exceedingly piebald front from numerous sloughings off of the aforementioned limy application, it still filled Ricardo's plebeian heart with pride. He had never felt it incumbent either to remove or to renew the poor isolated patches of dirty white clinging here and there to the strawy bricks of the façade. The windows were few; the rooms large and gloomy. The floors, from conscientious sprinkling, were kept in a state of beautiful hardness, and Doña Liseta would have scorned boards or a carpet covering except for the *sala*. The wide door, made of boards bolted together, opened into a hall where you never knew whether the foolish world outside were hot or cold, and this again into a *patio*. Here upon an elevation in the centre grew the señora's foxgloves, chrysanthemums, verbenas, and cacti. Around the border of the walks in this court grew fragrant Castilian roses, and a luxuriant confusion of oleanders, honeysuckle, and young fig-trees, and here Anita's linnets and redbirds chirped loudly in their reed houses through the long bright days. Through an opening in the rear could be seen down-hanging boughs of weighted peach-trees touching the earth with their burden of sun-kissed fruitage, broad-leaved fig-trees and acres of bunchily pruned vineyard; for Ricardo Dorantes's possessions were extensive. Beyond was a shed thatched with mud, tule, and tasselled lengths of cornstalks, an impervious agrarian roof where the linnets chirped and nested in scores; and all around was the odor of half-dried fruit spread in batches in the sun.

As 'Cension and Anita came slowly towards the house the figures before it were clearly outlined: Don Ricardo, rough, uncouth, unredeemably ugly, but kind-hearted. Rather given to thoughts of earthly pelf, he did not trouble himself about repeating pater-nosters. One did not believe that Ricardo would even scruple to drive a bunch of burros to Paso del Norte on the Sabbath, if he were sure of a ready and profitable sale of their loads.

Amiable and indolent of disposition, Ricardo liked nothing better than an unlimited number of siestas through the summer, and a comfortable squat in a warm *serape* on the sunny side of the wall in winter. He was proud and fond, in his own blunt way, of his children, and enjoyed seeing the youngest two, boys of eight and ten, tumbling about like little savages in the bright sun. He declared that a family like his—"peons," as he sometimes dubbed them, to vex his eldest, a young man of rare good looks and rarer qualities—could grow up like the weeds on his *acequias*. The two youngsters perhaps could so thrive, as their wide eyes, stiff hair, and expressionless faces, so like Ricardo's own, indicated no present or future yearnings. Not so Pablo, the son, and 'Cension, the girl with the sad, deep eyes. They inherited a fine nature from the gentle mother, whose undoubted Castilian lineage, though many generations removed, appeared again in those favored two. Their brownness of skin, though as dark as old Placido's brood in the nearest *jacal*, was as fine and smooth as satin, and a certain grace of manner and bearing was noticeable in them that was not of Ricardo's ancestry.

The sweet-faced mother sat near the door keeping up a spasmodic conversation with Santas. Her own well-preserved face bore no resemblance to the grandmother's countenance, wrinkled like parchment, out of which looked a pair of keen black eyes, and made more uncouth by straight locks that had determined to cling to their mummylike surroundings in primitive blackness. A man with his back to the others was talking voluble Spanish to Pablo, who listened with a bored, almost uncivil, air.

The talker turned at Ricardo's exclamation of "There she is!" and, advancing to meet the figure coming gracefully towards them, you saw his face. Not much above medium height, his well-knit figure impressed you with its consciousness of agility and muscle, but his slightly swaggering gait was not atoned for by a supercilious air which was responsible for poor timid Anita's half fear, half antipathy. Deep, cold eyes softened by long lashes did not quite redeem the other rather prominent features of his face. His mouth was wide, his chin and lower face heavy and sensuous, partly concealed by a stiff mustache, and when he lifted his silver-braided sombrero you saw that his hair was coarse. Still, all in all, he was far from looking an ill-favored mortal; on the contrary, he was just the half-ugly specimen that will forever hold sway with women.

Well equipped in tan-colored trousers, striped on the outer seams and adorned with fringe, short round jacket with full shirt underneath, he made a presentable picture as he cantered out from Paso del Norte on his clay-colored *caballo* with much-ornamented saddle trappings. He thought with much complacency as he rode along through "lover's lane," then out into the country road, of how this *ensemble* would be appreciated by 'Cension, and was not a little vexed when she was not there to see it.

"You did not care to see me, it seems," he said, in an undertone, watching the bright light that gathered in her deep eyes and fell tremblingly over the sweet face and full lips.

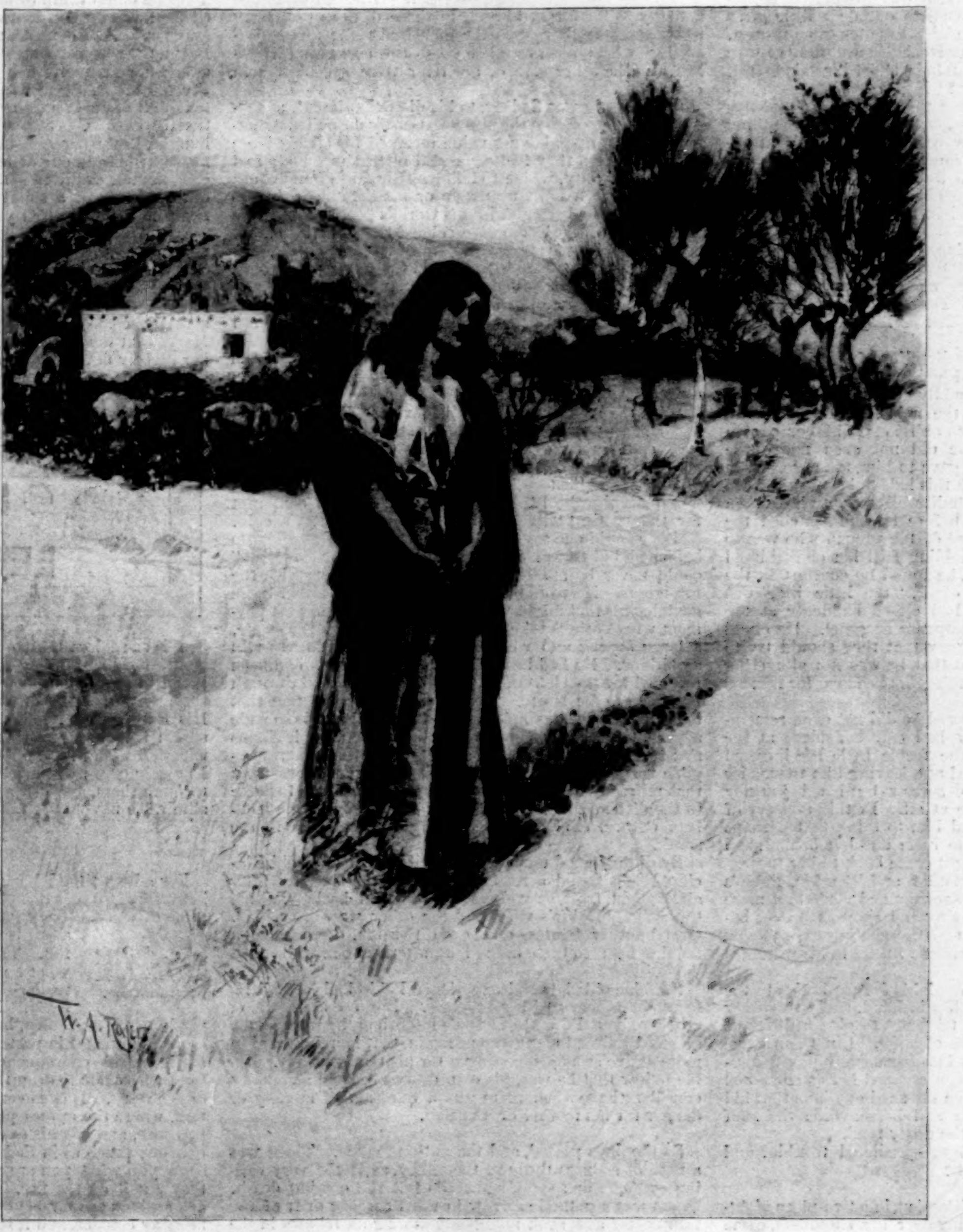
"I did not know you would come. How can you say so, Eduardo?"

They walked slowly towards the others, at last disappearing through the half-open door, where, beyond the arched *portales* around the patio, they could enjoy the seclusion so affected by lovers of all climes.

Pablo stood where their visitor had left him, an uneasy look on his face, which the ever-watchful little mother was not slow to notice.

"Come, Pablo *mio*, for a little walk," she said, softly, laying her hand on his arm.

"What is it, mother? You want to speak to me?" he half questioned as they walked on by the alfalfa-field, and a star here and there seemed suddenly thrust through the overhanging blue dome.



"STANDING THERE ANKLE-DEEP IN THE SUN-BLEACHED GRASS."

"Yes, Pablo. You are not happy, my son. Can you not let your mother know the cause?"

"Not happy, mother!" he said, in a tone of deep sadness. "Can one ever be happy again, think you, with such a sorrow as mine on his heart?" and they walked on in silence a few steps. "But it was not my unhappiness that you saw, if there was any on my face just now. I was thinking of 'Cension," and he struck sharply among the dense growth of tall sunflowers that grew along the field's edge and covered every available space on the farm.

"You do not like Eduardo? you do not approve of it?" she asked, with growing anxiety in her voice.

"Like him? I hate him! He is a villain!" he burst out, excitedly; then, more quietly: "Forgive me, mother, I startled you. But to answer your question as it deserves: no, I do not approve. He is a stranger, and I do not trust him. I have said nothing of my feelings before," he went on. "I felt it might be prejudice on my part; and 'Cension loves him. But I know now—from rumors—that there are reasons for doubting his character. Poor little sister," he said, softly, as if to himself, "I fear these happy days are short."

Doña Liseta stopped suddenly, and looked up into her son's face in a startled way. "Pablo, you frighten me," she said, in a slightly trembling voice. "They have the padre's blessing, given them on last St. Miguel's day, and, Holy Mother! you say he is a villain."

"Never mind, mother sweet; it will all come right, depend upon it. I will look well to our dear little girl's interest." And as she was about to enter some protest, he went on in the half-persuasive, half-authoritative tone which always silenced all doubts in Doña Liseta's breast. "Can't you trust me, mother? I give my life"—an oft-expressed exaggeration among the Mexicans of a pledge of faithfulness; to Pablo, alas, in this instance something of a precursor—"I give my life that 'Cension's future shall be all we wish it. Promise me now that no more thought of this matter shall find a place in your heart, mother mine," he said, placing his two hands on her shoulders and turning her around in the road preparatory to the return to the house.

"My son, you are in all things right and perfect; I will not trouble my heart more. Surely the Blessed Mother will not let harm come to her," she ejaculated, lifting her eyes and crossing herself. "Yes, Pablo, I trust you entirely," and neither spoke further as they slowly retraced their steps.

Pablo's glance turned in the direction of the river, where could be seen several half-finished lines of adobe wall, the window apertures standing boldly outlined in the light of the half-night fallen over the fields. A deep sadness crept over his face, and, grown oblivious of his companion and the late conversation, he did not even notice the glances of pity his mother gave to him, too absorbed in the sad memories with which this half-finished ruin filled his heart. Those same half-built walls were to have been his home! A few months before he had watched the death-dews gather on the face of the woman who was to have shared it with him. Holding still her chilled hand in his in that awful moment, he found no comfort in the whispered words that the other, "the little life," was spared to him. His heart had closed suddenly at the seeming mockery of a recompense so cruel. He could have laughed aloud in his agony that they should try to comfort him thus, try to hint that he was not altogether bereft, that he had this wee thing in exchange for her, his wife, his Ysidora!

In the dark days that followed he did not even remember the small creature they had called Ysidora at the young mother's request. The feeble little life lingered on a few weeks, then flickered out, leaving him to wonder why the seemingly useless, sorrow-burdened journey should ever have been made at all. In this mystery of life-giving death it comforted him to think that perhaps the young mother, seeing the little one left behind, had begged of Heaven that it might come back to her there.

Always devoted to his mother and 'Cension, Pablo's recent scathing experience of sorrow had made him more gentle, more considerately loving and loyal than ever before, if that were possible, and the gentle mother knew well that she could trust his sister's future to his watchful care.

When Eduardo Lerma bowed his *buenas noches* to the party in front as he stood, whip in hand, ready to spring into the saddle, Doña Liseta tried not to give a different inflection to her ordinary tone of *adios*. But there came a deep wrinkle of perplexity into her usually placid forehead, and an unconscious sigh escaped her as she noted 'Cension's lingering gaze down the shadowy lane that hid the departing figure of man and horse, while the hoof notes still sounded softly in the dusty road.

Had not Pablo doubted him—predicted trouble? and could Pablo ever be mistaken?

Later, when all was quiet, 'Cension, in a two-piece nightdress, her beautiful hair falling over her shoulders, came into a room to the right of the hall, and, lighting the many candles about an altar, dropped softly upon her knees, and commenced telling the rosary she carried.

Oh, for such faith in our Saviour as this innocent girl lavished upon the presence of this imaged Holy Mother, if not upon the actual wooden semblance itself! Restless of heart, to this she had come for comfort. The draped Madonna before which she knelt was a miserably wrought effigy. To the child of nature kneeling there it was the embodiment of grace and sweetness. Her faith was that of a true believer, not the mere consent of the mind to an abstract proposition; and it was the ruling principle of her life. Reared in the well-settled valley of the Rio Grande, within a few miles of Paso del Norte and the rushing young city of El Paso, which the Americans had built as in a night on the river's other bank, this girl had grown up in a seclusion and innocence almost incredible. Nothing of dissipation more than an occasional visit to Paso del Norte, and less frequent ones to Ysleta, in the other direction, broke the monotony of her days—that indeed knew no monotony, for it is rare that untried wings long for the soarings of the practised flier.

Doña Liseta had insisted that her children should have educational advantages. Ricardo, with no ideas in his thick head save those of peace, felt that "accomplished" children would add to the respect with which his neighbors already regarded him; it had had an enlarging effect upon his soul and a correspondingly loosening effect upon his pocket-book. So a little more than two years before he had harnessed the stout, respectable broncos to the wagonette, while the mother and old Santas made divers preparations within for the comfort of the dear one starting on so important a journey—surreptitiously stowing away much *viznaga* as a panacea for homesickness. 'Cension had journeyed down the valley to San Elizario, where she staid for two years, with much contentment and great profit, with the Sisters of Loretto. They had not taught her overmuch learning out of books, but enough to refine the capable mind and stimulate the prodigal imagination. For serious study she had no vocation. Pablo, three years previous to this, had studied for several terms with the Christian Brothers at Las Vegas. He spoke excellent English, and had been employed on the "Mexican Central" between Paso del Norte and the City of Mexico. In one of these engagements in Chihuahua he met and married Ysidora Esperion. He brought his wife to his father's, intending to build his own house on the farm, determined to settle into farming and take the management of the place into his own hands, as the influx of Americans brought a wide demand for all farm products.

Old Ricardo declared that the relation between the devil and the Americanos was of the closest, but did not scorn the American's dollar. He himself became somewhat imbued with the current belief which swayed Pablo and his poorer neighbors, that good times were coming with the advent of the white men and their wonderful railroads. The faith was infectious; easy-going Ricardo Dorantes actually so far forgot himself in those days as positively to sit and speculate upon the increased value of his possessions with almost as much gusto as the grasping Americans on the other side of the river were speculating in corner lots.

But Ricardo was finding, to his disenchantment, as several years passed, that the supposed easily despoiled American insisted upon having value received for all his loose cash. Though they had come and settled in a body and built a brick city, which to indolent Ricardo's mind could only have been built by magic or his Satanic Majesty's help, he was no better off in this world's goods than before the whistle of the locomotive echoed through the valley. Of the white man's energy and enterprise he knew naught. He felt a sense of deep injury from the increased activity which Pablo thought necessary to inaugurate in order to produce and sell according to the new demand. He had never meant to work for the advantages that ought to fall upon him unsolicited with the advent of the Americans, and his dreams were becoming fainter and fainter of the day when he, Don Ricardo, would enjoy his hoard of the ungodly American dollar.

With the inconsistency of all Mexicans, Ricardo would never accept the eagle-and-cactus-stamped dollar of his own country from an American. One could not say whether it was his great respect for the fierce-looking American "aigle bird," which is able to hold distended wings despite the libel over his head, or deep contempt for the ironical "libertad" on his own country's coin. Neither could one say to what trades union Don Ricardo belonged, but certain it is that the term "scab" or "rat" could never be applied to him in his dealings with the foreigners. He would never have passed for one of those genial souls that might "take some cordiality in part payment where others take cash." Possessing a large estate, a large *laguna* and well-kept *acequias*, Ricardo was still ambitious. He had heard that wonderful sums had been received for the right of way for the new railroad through lots in Paso del Norte. He felt deeply injured that that inconsiderate surveyors' party had given his fields so wide a berth when they came with their incomprehensible chains and bad Spanish through the valley. Nothing more tangible was ever seen by Ricardo of his expectations from that railroad business than the long trailing line of smoke in the distance, to be seen from his rear door as the Mexican Central engines rushed along the foot-hills to the south.

By dint of good management, with the help of old Placido, Pablo found a ready sale across the river for their alfalfa and fruit, as well as for the reed baskets which Casamira (Placido's wife) and the other women braided. Grandmother Santas, and even 'Cension, often gave a helping hand to these in the long afternoons in the shaded *patio*.

But since his late sad experience Pablo had lost all interest in money-making schemes. But for his growing anxiety about Eduardo Lerma's intentions, he would have solicited railroad employment again, that he might find in more active scenes some solace for his restless heart. Noble fellow that he was, his own desires became secondary considerations when there was a question of anxiety or danger for his mother or 'Cension.

So the days passed, and the autumn came. There was a note of sadness through the valley, as if the very calling *cardoniz* and swaying weeds felt the coming death. There was a pathetic sorrow in the lingering drift of the falling leaf as it sank noiselessly among its fellows in the carpeted softness beneath. The last grapes had been gathered and the wine pressed. Placido had tramped across the bridge the day before with the last basket of sad-skinned pears. And still Pablo had seen Lerma come day after day and had said no word! He had never reopened the subject to his mother after that night by the field; and she, never doubting, had as nearly as possible kept her promise to give it no place in her heart.

Don Ricardo enjoyed unnumbered siestas in the drowsy autumn air, and his good-natured, pock-marked visage showed no anxiety for things spiritual, civil, ecclesiastical, terrestrial, or matrimonial. He knew as little of sentiment and soul as of the domestic habits of the Tonga Islanders. There was one, and only one, subject that could ever provoke Ricardo to a reply or a perpendicular position of body, and that was the wine-making. He would sit stoically through old Santas's sorrowful, disjointed details of the daughter-in-law's death, the new pattern of 'Cension's last drawn linen, the excellence of the last goat cheese, and the inevitable reiteration that Ysidora's baby would now be living if only they could have prepared that dose of melted lard and indigo with more despatch. But when Ynocente would rush in with the startling information that the new cow-skin *tina* was leaking, or that more baskets of grapes had come from the vineyard, his alacrity to vanish left the dear old woman staring with disgust at his favorite seat, worn smooth as furbished iron. "Always the wine! Ricardo will never care for anything else," she would mutter—and Ricardo didn't.

Of all the beverages since man abandoned the exclusive use of pure cold water, the native wine of Ricardo's valley was the only one of which he had any conception. Of wine that never "grew in the belly of the grape," of champagne made of rhubarb, apples, turnips, and other trash, port made of logwood and brandy, and, as chemists aver, even of the refuse of gas-works, Ricardo knew naught. To his mind a man must either drink wine like that perfected from the juice that rose around the ankles of Placido's naked feet as he crushed the bursting grape cups, or—not exactly confine his libations to the pump, but, in Ricardo's vernacular—"*tomar su bebida de la acequia.*"

And 'Cension? With an ever-ripening beauty that was almost startling, she lived the days in virgin speculations and heart-stirrings. The simple, pastoral life fostered idealistic purity; with the very sticks and stones of her daily rambles came suggestive day-dreams.

It was now September, and Pablo had promised her that she should go with him to the festivities in Paso del Norte on the fifteenth and sixteenth. Then the seventy-eighth anniversary of Mexican independence would be celebrated, the statue of Juarez unveiled, and the name of the old town officially changed from Paso del Norte to Juarez, in honor of that patriot. It was to be a "great day." The air was full of discussion and preparation. 'Cension could think of nothing else. She always attended the fiesta de Guadalupe, but this was to be "so much grander." A. Fuentes, and Señor Rafael Calderon de la Barca, the greatest *banderillero* in Mexico, were to be there; and Señor Daguerre had enlarged the bull-ring. A new $10,000 monte game was to be played, besides roulette, faro, and chuck-a-luck, as well as twelve tables of the national "chuzes." Señor Lauro Carillo, governor of Chihuahua, had suggested the new name for the town, as a fitting tribute to one of Mexico's heroes, and his constituents, in their desire to honor the memory of Benito Juarez, did not deem it a small undertaking to thus change a name of three hundred years' standing.

The Americans, too, were interested and curious, and poured across the bridge—to the horse-car stockholders' delight—to see the bull-fights and take a hand at the games of chance lining the plaza. This anticipated treat filled 'Cension's eyes and heart with a great gladness, and actually made her guilty of curtailing the many Hail Marys and the few Our Fathers with which she finished her nightly devotions, in order that she might the sooner give herself up to thoughts of the coming event.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LIFE AND LETTERS

IT is so seldom that one can venture safely even upon the most carefully conditioned prophecy that I am disposed to celebrate a little my good fortune in forecasting the artistic success of Mr. Brander Matthews's story of His Father's Son, lately ended in these pages. To be sure, I took no great risk in promising myself entire satisfaction with it, when I spoke of it some weeks ago; but I have known many books betray me after I had got half through them, and it is a great pleasure to testify that this admirable novel kept faith with me to the last word.

I.

His Father's Son. By Brander Matthews. Harper & Brothers.

For a long time I have not read in English a story that has seemed to me in the retrospect a cleaner, finer, straighter piece of work. The conduct of the excellently imagined affair is marked by no faltering or wavering. The author had clearly in mind what he wanted to do, and (so far as the reader's observance could go) he let it do itself. I noted before, when I expressed my hopes of the story, how largely he kept his processes out of sight, and imparted his results, which were indeed the inevitable consequence of the characters he dealt with; but I wish again to draw the reader's attention to this aspect of the work. It is so very different in it from English fiction, where the author prepares his effects in the reader's presence, and has his raw material all about him as he labors on; much as in their island inns and grill-rooms they show you what you are going to have for dinner before they put it on the fire. But in this matter most American authors are far beyond the simple art of their home-keeping cousins, and it is chiefly for the American reader's sake that I dwell upon the point. He has been so largely bred in the English methods that I am afraid he will not appreciate the difference between having a feast put perfectly before him, and being first led through the larder, and then waiting for his meal amidst the smell and smoke of the cooking. Still, I do not despair of him, and I do not see how in the present case he can fail of a sense of right art, though he may not have the most comprehensive intelligence of it. I will ask him, for one thing, to notice how courageously the whole result of the story is intrusted to him. The author does not tell what becomes of any of the people afterwards. He has acquainted you with the most important passage of their lives, and his triumph is to have left you thinking and feeling so strongly about it that the actors themselves are gone before you have missed them. But you will recall them in revery and retrospect, and the tragedy will not have happened in vain. It is a tragedy of principles, of conditions, of moral forces, but so livingly embodied that it is too intensely human, too like us all, to suffer us to be very self-confident in condemning this or that person in it. The wrong we see, and who did it; but whose wrong it is we are not so ready to say. Were the father's business methods of getting millions for nothing by manipulating stocks and bonds morally better than the son's business methods of getting thousands by raising the figures of the securities? The question accuses our whole economic system, and that is scarcely what the author meant. He meant to write a story which should be true, and that is what above all things he has done. It is strange that a man should approve himself master of fiction only by being true, but that is the case in these days.

II.

The English have still to learn this fact. They still think a man can be a master of fiction by being untrue. Of late they have been breaking away somewhat from their ground-and-lofty tumbling stories of adventure to study the modern life of the world that people live in; but it is the bizarre that they seek in it, and it is not the real but the fantastic that they bring away from it. This is a confession of weakness, for the bizarre is easy to find, and the fantastic is easy to do, though the simple-hearted reader may not think so. I should make some such objection to the cleverness, and the appearance of cleverness, in the recent books of Mr. Anthony Hope, beginning with The Dolly Dialogues and not necessarily ending with A Change of Air, which I read during the later summer, in the long leisure of the sea-shore, without the full conviction that I had saved time by it. I thought it strange that a man who could convince me in certain respects should be content so often with the mere effects of farce in character, and should be willing to capture the moods that yield themselves to the song-and-dance business when he might have triumphed more nobly. I am bound to say that A Change of Air was much better art than the Dolly Dialogues, and that it had moments of being very nearly the real thing. In the presence of a severer taste than they seem to have over there the author might have felt an obligation to reality that would have kept him up to the best in himself and left the reader feeling that something had really happened. The conception of the anarchistic poet softening into acceptable social shape under the friendly influence of the county families was charming, and merited a more serious art in the working out.

A Change of Air. By Anthony Hope. Henry Holt & Co.

It was all ever so much better than the evidences laboriously accumulated in the case of An Imaginative Man, who in spite of the author's manipulation of the testimony remained a terribly tiresome, conceited, conscious, and artificial ass, with not enough imagination at any moment to realize his immense failure as a character. Being in Egypt it was very fit that he should go and bang himself up against the Sphinx, the only eternal-womanly who could perpetually employ his imagination; but for once I could have wished a little more definition in the author, who did not quite assure me that his man of imagination was dead from the impact. If at any time I could have thought the author perceived how poor and cheap his man was, I should have been willing to allow him a measure of success with him, such as we may grant him rather heaping in the case of the man's pretty, dull, insipid, conventional little wife. In her the author has really invented somebody worth while. Her honest vapidity was such a rest from her husband's dishonest vapidity, and her willingness to keep aloof from evil for her own sake was perhaps not so much worse, after all, than the willingness of that singularly devoted mother in the book to keep aloof from virtue in order to be a good comrade to her dying son, who was going in for all sorts of sin and shame in the few weeks or days left him.

An Imaginative Man. By R. S. Hitchins. Appleton & Co.

A lighter piece of unreality (the reader may not have noticed that unreality is commonly so heavy) is Lady Bonnie's Experiment, which is of the small society fiction, again, that the English are turning to from their mediæval and extra-geographical athletics. The author may not have taken a leaf from Mr. Anthony Hope's book, but he is at least a kindred spirit, with the same faith in farce, and something of the same light touch. In his present effort he deals with the antic cleverness of people freed from their facts to their fancies: they are very rich, very handsome, very daring, but not bad (as they would have been, perhaps, in last year's little books), and not transcending their circumstance after any very novel fashion, in a world of brilliant, irresponsible, epigrammatic leisure, where everybody says and does what comes into her head. The experiment is the revival of the Courts of Love; there is a strange last testament, and it all ends, after some driving about in a pony phaeton, in the union of the young people made enemies by this will. Such things have been before, and will be again.

Lady Bonnie's Experiment. By Tighe Hopkins. Henry Holt & Co.

III.

Of our own smaller fiction I have been reading several books without finding a very fresh note except in The Red Badge of Courage, by Mr. Stephen Crane. He is the author of that story of New York tough life, Maggie, which I mentioned some time ago as so good but so impossible of general acceptance because of our conventional limitations in respect of swearing, and some other traits of the common parlance. He has now attempted to give a close-at-hand impression of battle as seen by a young volunteer in the civil war, and I cannot say that to my inexperience of battle he has given such a vivid sense of it as one gets from some other authors. The sense of deaf and blind turmoil he does indeed give, but we might get that from fewer pages than Mr. Crane employs to impart it. The more valuable effect of the book is subjective: the conception of character in the tawdry-minded youth whom the slight story gathers itself about, and in his comrades and superiors of all sorts. The human commonness (which we cannot shrink from without vulgarity) is potently illustrated throughout in their speech and action and motive; and the cloud of bewilderment in which they all have their being after the fighting begins, the frenzy, the insensate resentment, are graphically and probably suggested. The dialect employed does not so much convince me; I have not heard people speak with those contractions, though perhaps they do it; and in commending the book I should dwell rather upon the skill shown in evolving from the youth's crude expectations and ambitions a quiet honesty and self-possession manlier and nobler than any heroism he had imagined. There are divinations of motive and experience which cannot fail to strike the critical reader, from time to time; and decidedly on the psychological side the book is worth while as an earnest of the greater things that we may hope from a new talent working upon a high level, not quite clearly as yet, but strenuously.

The Red Badge of Courage. By Stephen Crane. Appleton & Co.

In Stories of the Foot-Hills we have something that ought to interest the student of literature as the farthest advance yet made from the point of view in Mr. Bret Harte's sketches of California life. The glimmering landscape faded on the sight of that master in the last dying effulgence of the lime-light which the genius of Dickens once cast upon the whole of life. His eyes were full of it, and he saw with it camp, mine, sierra, gulch, stage-coach, cabin, and what not. But here there is one common day upon the fruit-growing modernities of the newer California, and though the types are still mainly uncouth and strange, we recognize the motives and the characters as something kindred to those of life as we know it. The Withrow Water-Right is the longest of the stories, but it is not the strongest, though it is full of touching reality in the poor farming-folk, and is not too glaring, perhaps, in its contrast of Eastern civilization, though certainly rather tinselly. Old Mrs. Withrow, with her undying rancors, is a figure artistically delightful, and so is her mild son-in-law Lysander Sproul; his wife is delicately and accurately studied; and her sister Melissa is, for a heroine, so surprisingly good that one can forgive her being perhaps too good. But the strongest story of the seven in the book is Alex Randall's Conversion: the story of the wife who believes her husband innocent half her life, and cannot live when, having supposed she knew him guilty, he owns his sin. This simple fact is handled very powerfully, without a moment of weakness or self-betrayal. It is really a masterpiece. For humor of the pathetic kind I can praise, but not so reservelessly, Idy, and The Complicity of Enoch Embody. For humor of the funny kind, yet with a deep enough reach into human nature, Colonel Bob Jarvis is so good that I find myself intolerably vexed with the author for calling the supposed narrator's husband Esculapius, and so far allegorizing the fact.

Stories of the Foot-Hills. By Margaret Collier Graham. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

I do not find anything to blame so much as this in another collection of short stories, which I cannot praise so much, either, as the best of Mrs. Graham's. In Old Man Savarin and Other Stories, the author has wished apparently to give his whole range. There is a Russian story, a Waterloo story, three civil war stories, and eight or nine Canadian stories: Scotch, Indian, English, but mostly French. They are all of very simple life, but of the simple life that is wild and picturesque, or at least strange, and so having intrinsically some effect of the romantic, which the author denies himself in his art. I have found them all more than fairly good, and several are very good indeed, notably those of our war; but I wish especially to note the poetry in the motive of Great Godfrey's Lament: the touching and beautiful story of the reconciliation through love of the sons who are Indian and the son who is Highlander, though all of the same Scotch-Indian marriage, in the backwoods circumstance now vanished.

Old Man Savarin and Other Stories. By Edward W. Thompson. T. Y. Crowell & Co.

IV.

It is rather late, but I hope it is not too late, to speak of Mr. Stockton's last delightful story. I should like to do this all the more because I do not remember to have seen anywhere recognition of what seems to me the satirical quality of the book with respect to stories of adventure, and its efficiency at the same time in satisfying the perennial appetite for stories of adventure which it amiably mocks at. On the contrary, I have known it regarded as a singly intentioned story of adventure, and as a flier of Mr. Stockton's in a direction contrary to his natural make and temper. But to my experience it was as sensibly of a double effort as Don Quixote; and while I followed the fortunes of Captain Horn in capturing and keeping his Inca-gold with all the panting eagerness of a romantic English critic, I was aware of the author ironically winking at his own invention, and pleasing himself with the humor he infused into its marvellous keeping and very human character. In none of his stories, I think, has he hit upon a more amusing personality than Mrs. Cliff, whose troubles after she gets back to her Maine village with her mysterious wealth are so deliciously imagined; and nowhere is his humor more serious-faced, more dryly Stocktonesque, than in every part of this most exciting, most diverting story. For practical purposes it is perhaps a little bit too demure; people might very well not suspect it; but if they do not, still the book remains so filling on the side of the incident merely that I should think a mind used to the lavish hospitality of Mr. Haggard, even, might find a surfeit of thrills and suspenses in it.

The Adventures of Captain Horn. By Frank Stockton. Scribner's Sons.

V.

I have to make an equally belated expression of pleasure in two other novels which I read earlier in the summer: My Lady Nobody, and Children of the Soil. The first is valuable as a picture of that Dutch life we know so little, rather than as the development of the human comedy or tragedy on any novel side. In fact, the problem which the author introduces into his story gets the better of him, apparently, and he has to leave the reader to solve the question of Ursula's blame in regard to the inheritance of her husband's wealth. This is not difficult to dispose of, however, and then there remains the interest of the new acquaintance one has made in a civilization which we almost leave out in our thoughts of modern Europe life, but which is as contemporaneous, apparently, as our own, and as near the end of the century in some respects. It is mainly good society which Mr. Maartens portrays for us, but good society with the national differences inside the cosmopolitan identities, and below it the social strata where everything is national. The Dutch temperament, hard, matter-of-fact, and rather cynical than phlegmatic, imparts its tone more or less superficially to the different personages of the book, and makes them all the more interesting in the stress of their several passions. With a less distinguished art their writer is making known the modern Dutch as Valdés and Galdós are making known the modern Spanish.

My Lady Nobody. By Maarten Maartens. Harper & Brothers.

Hitherto, I believe, the author of Children of the Soil has dealt historically with the Poles, and has only just now come down to our own times in the portraiture of his fellow-countrymen. His romances I have not read, and I have to confess that I read far into this novel of his without being aware that I was in the presence of a master. It seemed to me that here, once more, was one of those fictions where the questions involved the persons of the drama merely, and did not extend to the reader; and for this sort of limitation I do not think any skill can atone. It was when I came to that part of the story where the fatal relation of wrong grows between Pan Stanislav and Pani Mashko, that I recognized its universal, its eternal import, and felt a force in the author as faithful, as moving, as that of his great Slavonic compeers, Tourguénief and Tolstoy. The conduct of the whole story is very dramatic, and at the same time very frank and simple. It is a huge canvas, and the figures in it are by multitudes, yet there is no confusion, and the leading persons are distinctly memorable, not only in character but in physiognomy. In a word, the novel is a great novel, such as enriches the reader's experience and extends his mental horizons. One can compare it only with the great fictions of our great day, and in that comparison find it inferior to very few of the greatest.

Children of the Soil. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Little, Brown, & Co.

W. D. Howells.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS MAGISTRATE.

"Hark, from the Tombs a doleful cry."

'Twas passing strange, and yet I seemed to see
Behind the prison bars a man of high degree;
In short, I'll state
He was a city magistrate;
A conscientious man indeed,
As you'll observe, dear reader, as you read.
He buffeted his chest
Like one possessed.
"Ah, woe is me!"
Said he.
"I'm here for twenty days, alas!
And all for one poor little glass
Of beer
I'm here."
Quoth I: "Why, Judge, I never thought
To see before you bars of just this sort.
Pray tell me why this dreadful sight,
What brought about this horrid plight?"
Said he: "The cause?
Our Sunday laws.
I read them over when good Colonel Strong
Made me the arbiter of right and wrong.
I read them once, I read them twice;
I rubbed my pate and read them thrice—
I rubbed my noddle, sir, because
They seemed to be such sweeping laws.
No man could sell within his shop
A magnum, quart, a pint, a drop;
And furthermore, alackaday!
No man could give a drink away!
No man could treat his calling friend,
And so on, sirrah, without end!
I swooned when I had read the act,
And realized the appalling fact
That two years back you called on me
And had a glass of beer for tea."
"I recollect it well," said I. "And if I'm right,
'Twas Sunday night."
"'Twas so," said he.
"Alas that it should be!"
"But no one knew," I interposed;
"That I would tell, you never have supposed?"
"Nay, nay," he cried. "You need not state
That you would not—but 'tis my fate
To be a city magistrate;
And all the evidence was in
That I'd been guilty of a sin."
"But who committed you?" said I. Said he:
"'Twas done by me.
Whatever could I do
And still be true
To fair Reform and dear old Colonel Strong,
Who'd made me arbiter of right and wrong?
That's why I'm here, and here I stays
For twenty days!"
And then again he buffeted his chest
Like one possessed,
Whilst I went out and wept with sorrow great
For that poor conscientious City Magistrate!

John Kendrick Bangs.

ART IN SHIP-BUILDING.

BY FRANCIS CHURCHILL WILLIAMS.

Nowhere to-day is the comfort of man studied more closely than on shipboard. Of course reference is made only to the passenger. But in his case it is fair to say that in proportion as his purse will permit and his inclination leads him he may obtain a degree of luxury in his surroundings on board ship in all instances equal to and in some cases even above that which his home ashore affords him. It is not so many years since this could be said only of the private yacht, and under such circumstances the application of the comparison was limited to a very few men. But in the generous provision for the safety, comfort, and amusement of the passenger the first-class liner which plies between this country and English or European ports is in some ways the superior of the yacht. In the yacht all the space between perpendiculars and the sides of the vessel practically is at the command of the builder when he begins the division of the interior. While the builder of the vessel for public service has to count his inches; not a corner, not an elevation, must be allowed to go to waste. Moreover, the latter has to harmonize in his designs and work the views of many classes of people, while the former has at start a definite idea of just what his employer wants. All this being considered, the comfort and luxury of which the liner to-day is an example is something to marvel at.

In the *St. Louis*, already in commission, and the *St. Paul*, launched the past summer at the Cramps' yards, and now on her first transatlantic trip, America may safely challenge the world, so completely do these vessels exemplify the economical utilization of space and regard for the needs of the passengers, the whole being directed by an artistic appreciation. In a general way the WEEKLY has noted the plan of interior construction pursued in the *St. Louis*, which corresponds in arrangements, as she does in measurements and steaming power, to the *St. Paul*; but as what was in the previous vessel something of an experiment, and hence susceptible of improvement, has in the *St. Paul* been brought nearly to perfection, a more detailed description of the interior of the *St. Paul* and her ornamentation seems worth while.

Divided horizontally into five decks, the first-class passengers have the exclusive use of three forward of the pantries, which are on the saloon-deck, and aft of the crew quarters. From the saloon-deck a broad stairway, which is a fine piece of carving, gives access above to the promenade-deck and below to the first-class sleeping-decks. Forward is a large reading-room, fitted in oak, and equipped with a profusion of tables and cases. A hall ends aft in the grand dining-saloon. Situated as it is, at an unusual height, it obtains a correspondingly greater amount of fresh air, besides being freer, by reason of its separation from the pantries and sleeping-cabins, from a certain closeness, and from the odors which necessarily proceed from places where food is stored or served. It is one hundred and ten feet long and fifty feet wide. The glass dome which lights it gives it an amount of head-room which prevents that sense of depression so often experienced by the sensitive passenger.

The dining-saloon has been made what it should be—the most cheerful and agreeable room on board. It is to the decorations of the saloon then that Mr. Furness, into whose hands the Cramps wisely placed the work of fitting up the interior of the *St. Paul*, gave his foremost attention, and the result of his labors has been fortunate. As was said of the plan pursued by him in the case of the *St. Louis*, the decoration he has done develops a new style in this sort of marine work. The coloring in the latest of the big liners is better than in its predecessor. Whatever crudeness in the blending of colors exists in the *St. Louis's* decorations has been obviated in the adornment of the *St. Paul*. The designs of the two thousand and more panels which are in the vessel are the same in both ships. But in the way in which these panels are constructed and in the production of the most harmonious effects in color the *St. Paul* has the advantage, and that vessel in its decorations represents the highest attainments in the artistic adornment of a ship's interior.

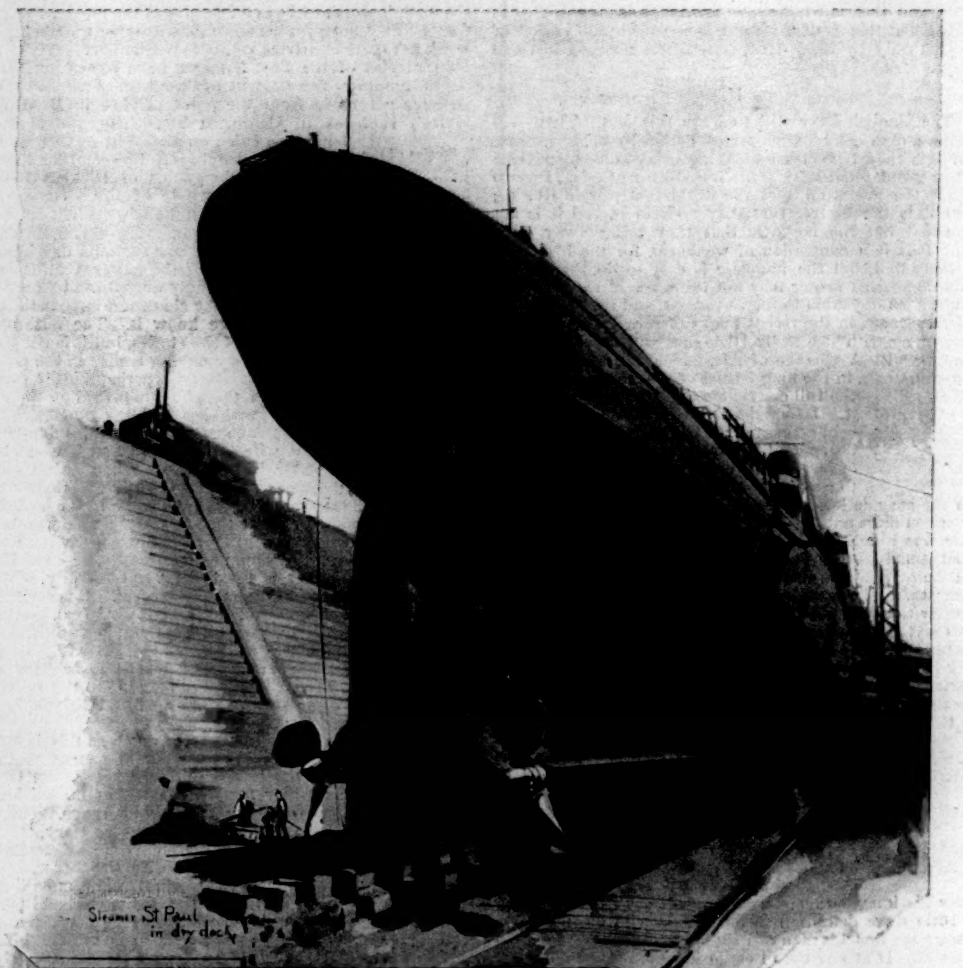
The panel designs in the *St. Louis* and *St. Paul*, the work of Mr. Karl Bitter, the sculptor, are in keeping with their surroundings. But they do not betray a slavish adherence to the idea that the vessel's saloon must, to be appropriately adorned, resemble a cave at the bottom of the sea. Mr. Bitter, in co-operation with Mr. Furness, hits a happy medium in his work, and though the figures on the panels possess individuality, they carry out a scheme collectively to which only admiration may be given. The coloring, applied to the surface of a wax composition which lends itself to a high polish, is rubbed off, and the high and low lights thus obtained. The coloring, in pursuance of the idea that brightness is the first requisite in the decorations of such a room, is in light shades, ivory and a delicate salmon predominating. The result of this is to increase the brilliancy of the apartment without making it garish. The panels themselves are composed of a mixture of paper pulp and plaster of Paris—a preparation which, run into a gelatine mould made from the artist's casts, becomes, when dry, hard and elastic. For a backing for these, wire netting embedded in the panel itself is used in the *St. Paul*—an innovation suggested by the fact that the pasteboard backing employed in the panels made for the *St. Louis*, in spite of every precaution to make it impervious, was inclined, after exposure to dampness and changes in temperature, to absorb sufficient moisture to make it swell and buckle slightly, thus jeopardizing the design on the face of the panel. The great virtue of the panels on the *St. Paul* is their durability, and the readiness with which they lend themselves, being light and elastic, to removal. They may be duplicated in a very short time by a recasting made from the gelatine-mould, and that fact assumes decidedly valuable proportions when it is remembered that a sudden emergency may require instant access to be had to some part of the vessel's walls which they cover.

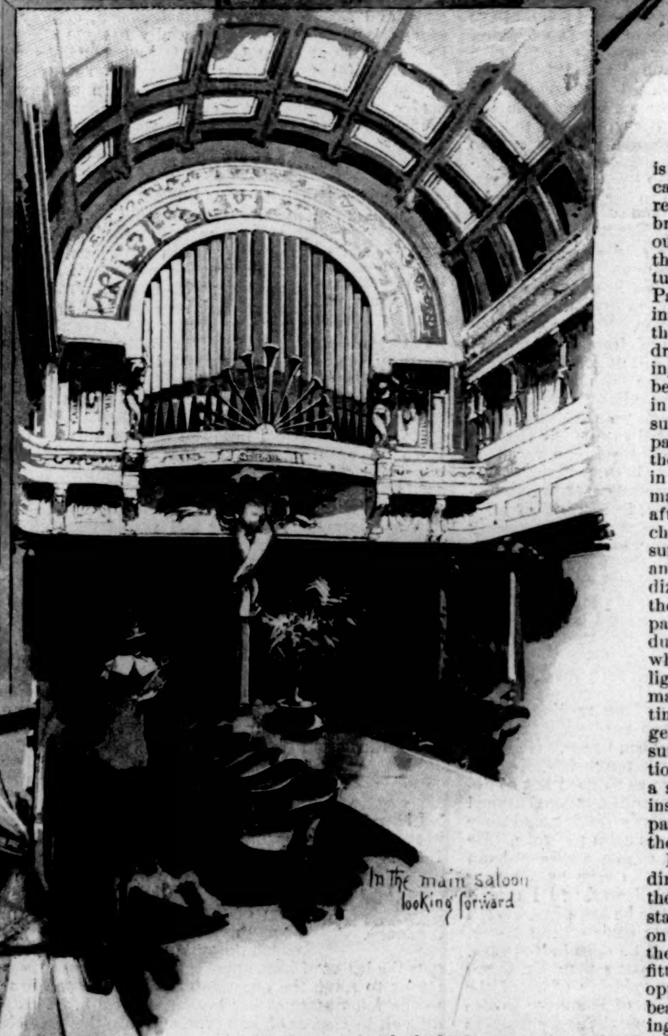
Further evidence of the artistic direction over the decorations of the saloon on the *St. Paul* is the stairway, which at its foot is carved on the newel-posts elaborately with the figures of tritons. The organ, fitted into the wall overhead at the opposite of the saloon, faces a beautiful piece of marine moulding, the work of Mr. Bitter.

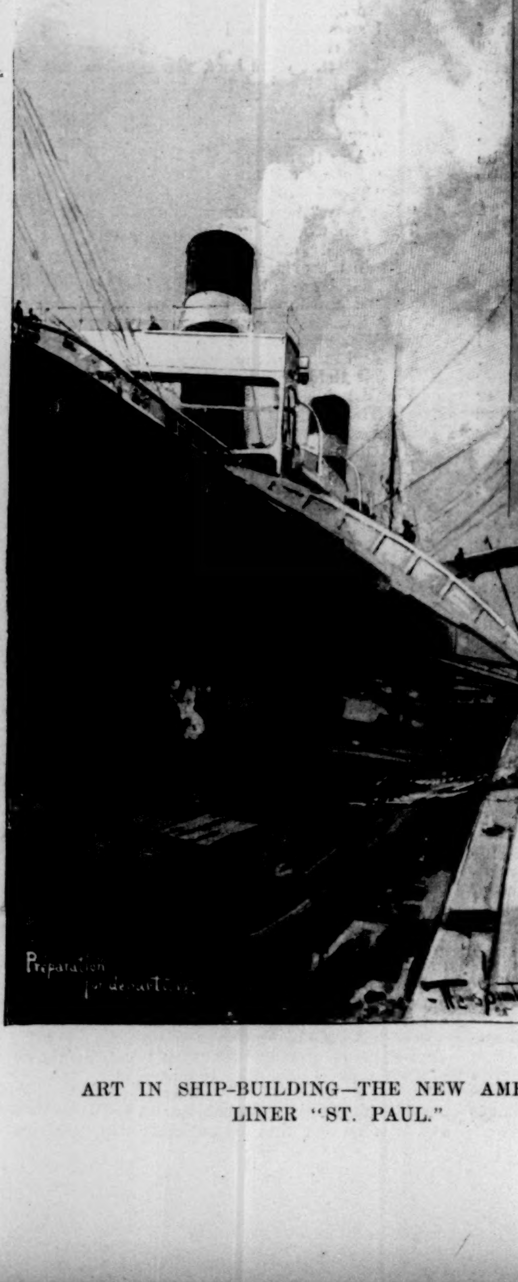
On the promenade-deck above are several suites of rooms, comprising bedroom, bath-room, and sleeping-room. In the adornment of these rooms taste has been shown not less artistic than that exhibited in the case of the main saloon.

The delicate tinting of the walls—a different color predominating in each suite—which was a feature remarked upon in the *St. Louis*, has been improved upon in the *St. Paul*, and, with their furnishing in old mahogany of quaint pattern and their excellent arrangement, these suites are the most inviting which have yet been seen. They are examples of the highest art in the provision for living on shipboard luxuriously, and, though the rooms of the private yacht are larger in some instances, the latter are in few cases appointed with greater regard for convenience and ease of their occupants.

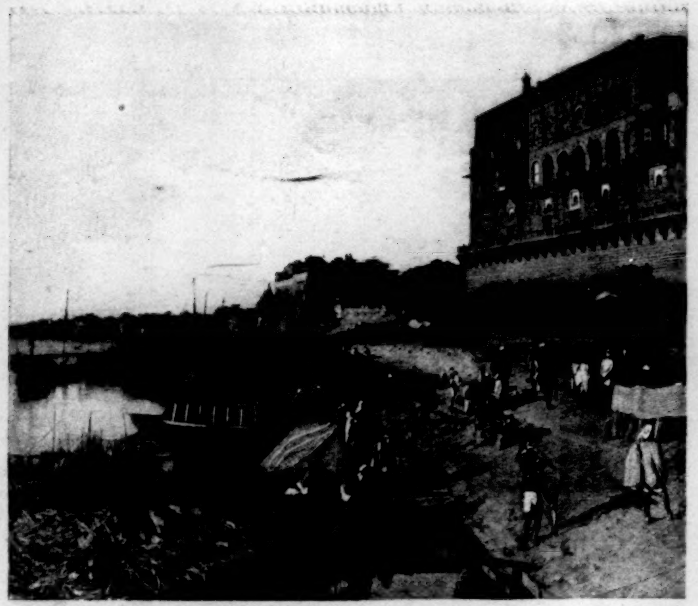
Twelve hundred electric lights illuminate every part of the vessel; there are electric calls, and a system of fans which is capable of changing the entire air in the ship every ten minutes.


Steamer St Paul in dry dock

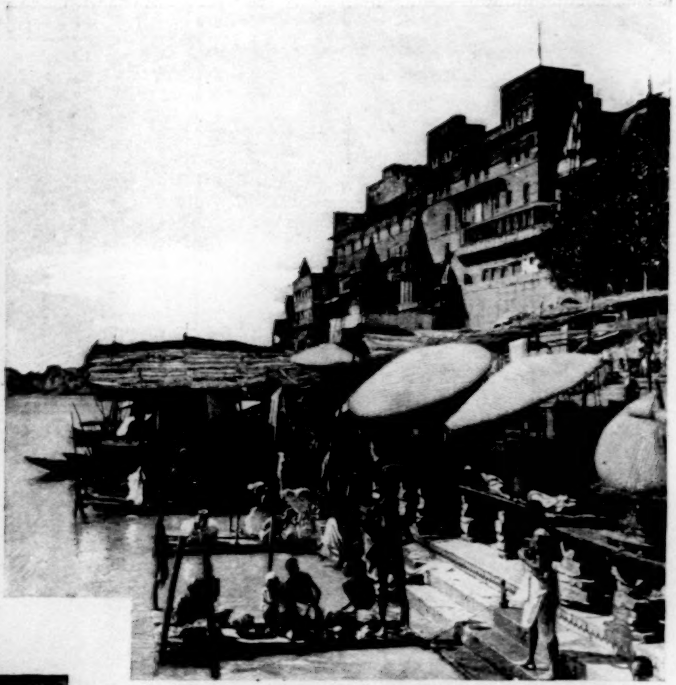

In the main saloon looking forward



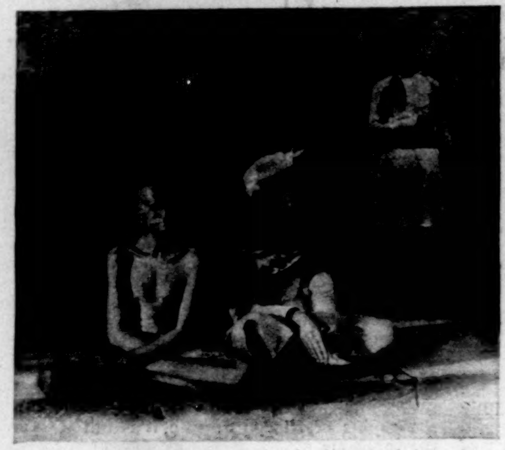
ART IN SHIP-BUILDING—THE NEW AMERICAN LINER "ST. PAUL."



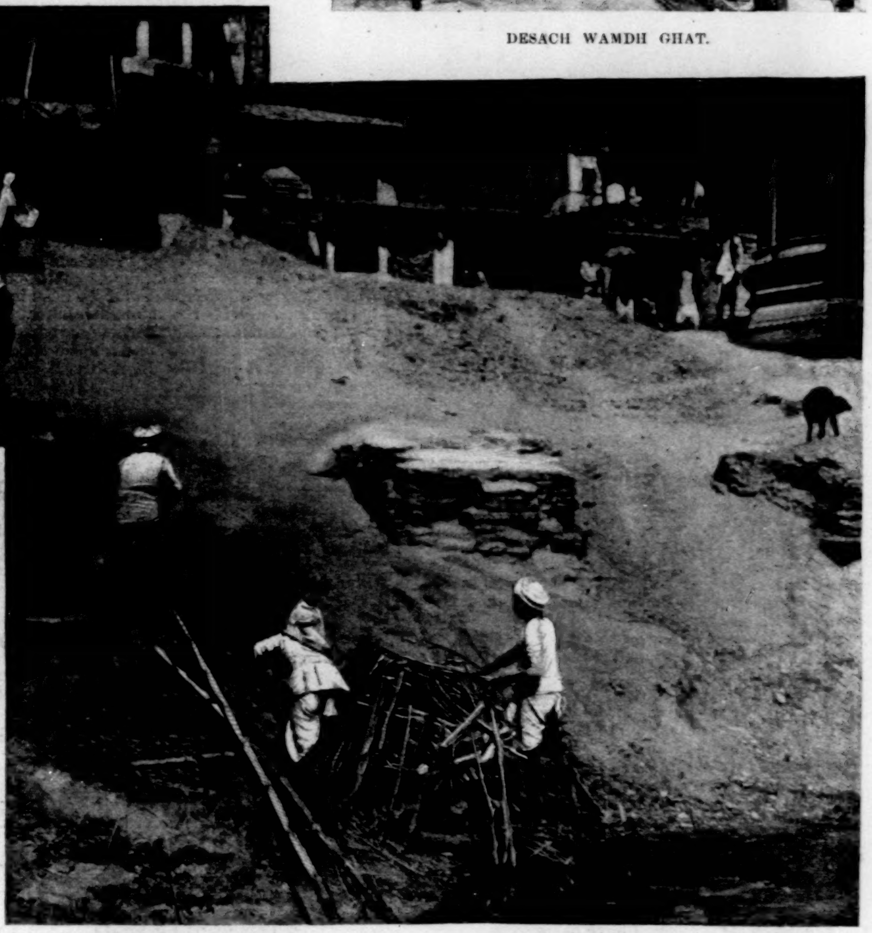
THE OBSERVATORY AND MAN MANDIR GHAT.



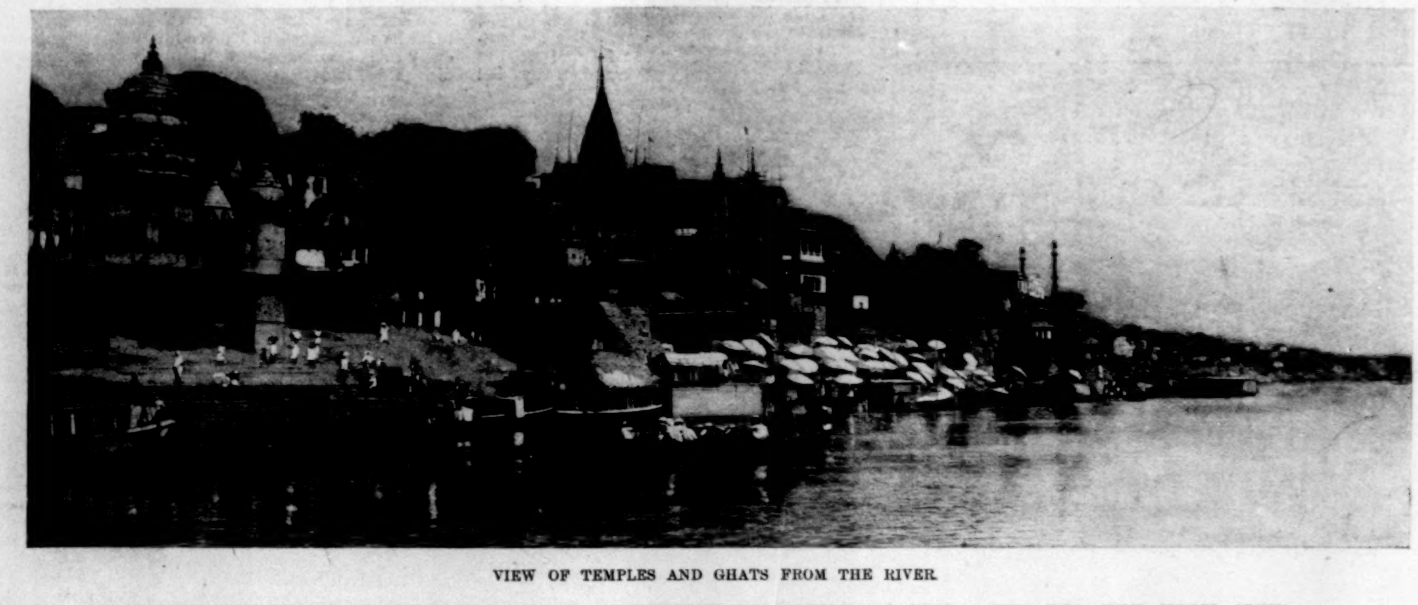
DESACH WAMDH GHAT.



SWAMI BHASKARANANDA SARASWATI,
A Famous "Holy Man" of Benares.

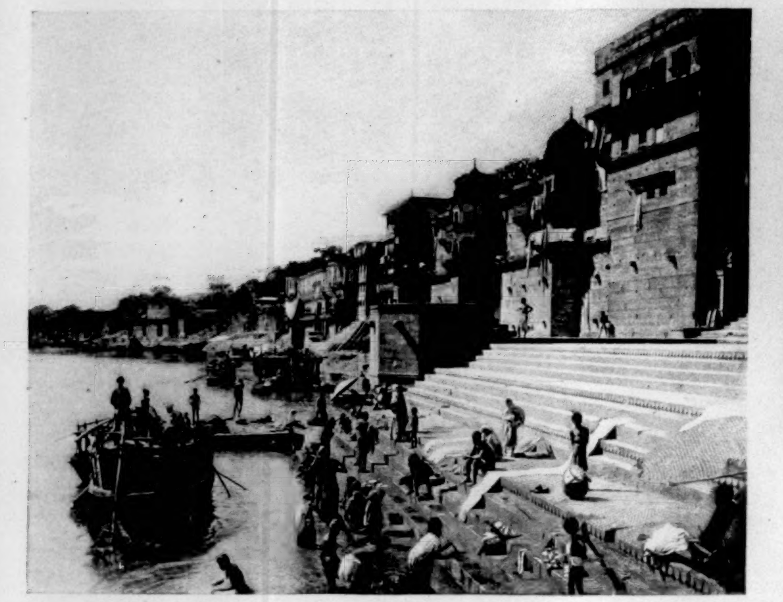


PREPARING BODIES FOR BURNING.
The Funeral Pile in the Foreground is about ready for Firing.



VIEW OF TEMPLES AND GHATS FROM THE RIVER.

WITH THE WORLD'S TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION IN NORTHERN INDIA—BENARES, THE HOLY CITY.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON.—[SEE PAGE 1016.]



THE MUNSHI GHAT.

INTERIOR OF A HINDOO TEMPLE TO SIVA, SHOWING SACRED BULL AND OTHER EMBLEMS.

AROUND THE WORLD

WITH THE TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION OF THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM

BENARES—THE HOLY CITY.

WHAT Jerusalem was to the pilgrims and Crusaders of the Middle Ages, that, and indeed much more than that, Benares, the Holy City on the banks of the sacred river Ganges, is to-day, as it has been for almost untold centuries, to the myriads of Hindoo India. The city has, indeed, no rival as a sacred city. Old beyond even the greatest age of Indian cities, it has always been regarded as peculiarly sacred by the Brahmins, and more than six centuries before the Christian era it obtained a new character of sanctity as the first place at which Sakyamouni, the revered founder of Buddhism, announced his sacred message to the people of India. It is universally believed among the faithful Hindoos that the city is not really a part of the earth at all, and it is therefore supposed that when destruction overtakes the rest of the globe Benares and its immediate suburbs will remain safe. It is to this belief that the city owes at least one part of its prosperity. There is scarcely a native prince who has not a palace there, to which he may retire on the approach of death, and these people and their retinues make the Holy City commercially a busy place almost beyond conception.

But even these great people are of less consequence to Benares than the pilgrims who flock from every part of India in an endless stream to see the sacred city, to drink of and bathe in the sacred waters of the Ganges—more sacred here, as well as more dirty, if possible, than anywhere else—and also, if possible, to die here, and be cremated on the sacred Ghats, or steps leading down to the river-side. To have made the pilgrimage to Benares is to-day as great a claim to distinction, in any of the more distant parts of India, as it was in Europe eight hundred years ago to have visited the holy places of Palestine; but to be privileged to die there, and have his ashes scattered on the surface of the sacred river, is regarded as a certain passport to immediate bliss. It is this superstition which accounts for the painful and revolting sights which meet the visitor to Benares at every turn—of sightless, wretched, decrepit, and dying creatures dragging themselves to the sacred precincts, that they may there lie down and die.

The great feature of Benares is the Ganges. There is not in the whole world probably so imposing a sight as that of the city as seen from the deck of a native boat, drifting with the gentle flow of the mighty stream, especially in the early morning, when all the faithful are at their ablutions in the sacred river. A long succession of towers, temples, minarets, and palaces lines the bank, diversified by trees, and here and there a temple or palace garden, while in front, for miles, long lines of steps glittering white in the sunlight descend into the waters of the river. These steps are, after all, perhaps the most really characteristic scene at the sacred city. Nowhere in the world can there be seen the same strange, and to our ideas revolting, mingling of the living and the dead in apparently unconcerned neighborhood to each other. Hundreds swarm down to drink and to bathe; hundreds more lie about on the steps in the hot sun; while at short intervals, beside the bathers and the idlers, dead bodies are being prepared for cremation, being actually burned, or their ashes are being expeditiously and carelessly scattered on the river, where crowds are drinking the waters. Cremation at Benares is a simple and an expeditious process. Great piles of wood stacked at intervals supply the ready fuel, and a funeral pile is built in four or five minutes, upon which the body is laid, and again covered with lighter wood. Fire is then applied, and the attendants go on to the next, only returning when the fire has died down to a heap of ashes, to scatter these upon the breeze, and prepare a fresh pile on the same spot for some one else.

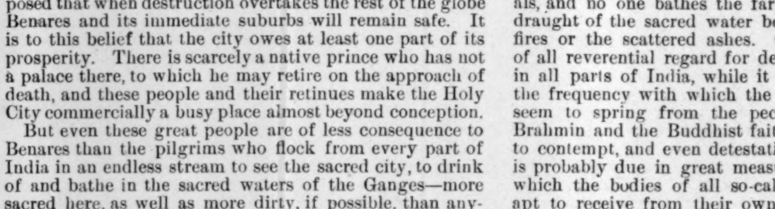
No one looks round, no one is interested in these funerals, and no one bathes the farther off or takes a shorter draught of the sacred water because of the neighboring fires or the scattered ashes. One reason for the want of all reverential regard for dead bodies here, as indeed in all parts of India, while it is no doubt increased by the frequency with which the sight is met with, would seem to spring from the peculiar tenets of both the Brahmin and the Buddhist faith, which certainly tended to contempt, and even detestation, of the body. To this is probably due in great measure both the ill-treatment which the bodies of all so-called holy men have been apt to receive from their owners while living, and the scanty reverence which is accorded to the average native when dead.

Benares, as once was said of the European Cologne, is entitled to be considered as beyond all competition the headquarters of bad smells. To plunge into its narrow filthy streets is to descend into a region where the unaccustomed stranger absolutely gasps for breath amidst a variety of smells, the diversity of which is only equalled by their pungency. It is not only that the streets are narrow, and of course wholly undrained, but they are also filthy with refuse and garbage of every kind, while sacred cows, bulls, apes, and other unsavory animals stroll at their leisure through the streets, where they are welcomed and fed at every doorway, and block every thoroughfare with their dirty and privileged carcasses. The city is a populous one, independently of the throngs of pilgrims who crowd the streets and crouch in filthy mendicancy at every corner. It is officially stated that the resident population exceeds six hundred thousand souls, of which number about eighty thousand are priests, and the floating population must largely increase the total. In no city in the empire are the streets narrower, in none are they so dirty, and in none are the habits and customs of the inhabitants so conducive to dirt and disease. To the stranger the only wonder is that the city is not depopulated, and it has seemed to us one of the most interesting questions in sanatory science how the apparent vitality of such a population can be accounted for.

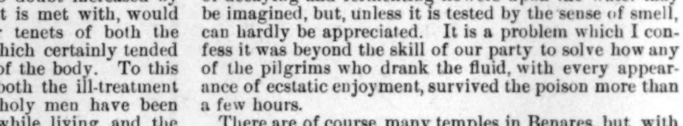
It is needless to say that in such a city as Benares all kinds of sacred things and places abound, and of these perhaps the most universally popular are the wells. Some of these are of the dimensions of baths, such as that known as the Manikaranika, which, but for its shallowness and its too great popularity with exceedingly dirty pilgrims, might have at least some sanatory value. As it is, however, the holy well is no more than a shallow pool of unusually filthy water, in which many thousands of pilgrims daily bathe, without any very apparent benefit either to their moral or physical condition; indeed, the sight, and, it must be added, the smell, of the inky-looking fluid do not at all agree with the Western constitution.

If there is one place at Benares more popular than this holy well, it is the Well of Knowledge, which is daily visited by many thousands of faithful Hindoos, both resident and pilgrim, who drink of its filthy water, the smell of which far exceeds in pungency the very worst specimen of a European or American mineral spring, and even carry away jars of the fluid to be conveyed as an almost priceless treasure to distant parts of the empire. What this water may be in its natural state it is wholly impossible to say, as it is the correct practice, followed by every visitor, to buy of one of the attendant Brahmins in charge a flower sacred to Siva, and cast it into the well before receiving his portion of the fluid. The effect of the mass of decaying and fermenting flowers upon the water may be imagined, but, unless it is tested by the sense of smell, can hardly be appreciated. It is a problem which I confess it was beyond the skill of our party to solve how any of the pilgrims who drank the fluid, with every appearance of ecstatic enjoyment, survived the poison more than a few hours.

There are of course many temples in Benares, but, with the exception of the Golden Temple, none that is of anything more than ordinary interest. This temple gets its name from the fact that the roof is covered with plates, first, of copper, and above that, of gold. It is sacred to Siva, and, like all the temples of that most revolting of the objects of Hindoo worship, it is full of symbolical carving, some of which is very fine, some merely grotesque in its wonderful ingenuity, and much that is revolting on every account. The shrine, of which we obtained a view, is a good specimen of the colossal statuary of the Hindoo artists. On the whole, the sacred city is emphatically a place to see, but by no means to pass even a single night in, at least for the stranger accustomed to the most ordinary health precautions of Western science, every rule of which he will find utterly and ostentatiously disregarded in every street in Benares.



THE MANIKARANIKA—A HOLY WELL.



THE WELL OF KNOWLEDGE, WITH THE SPIRES OF THE GOLDEN TEMPLE IN THE DISTANCE.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF THE UNITED STATES.

FIRST PAPER.—TEACHERS.

BY F. W. HEWES.

TO the more thoughtful people of the United States there is no one element of national life of greater importance than education. Our free-school system is a matter not only of national pride, but of national importance. The latest annual report of the United States Commissioner of Education shows that fifteen million names appear on our school records, and that for several years past nearly one-fourth of the entire population of the country has been annually enrolled as students in our common schools. The teachers of this great multitude number four hundred and twenty-five thousand—an army in themselves, nine times as great as the standing army of the United States. No other country in the world has half as many teachers or half as many pupils.

The government has appointed a special bureau to collect and publish information regarding this important national interest. This information is necessarily packed into multitudinous tables of figures, which (however valuable they may be) are too dry for any but a statistician to study. Consequently the intelligence of the people is but little aided by all the labor performed by the bureau and the expenditure of money made by the government. It is possible, however, to transform these bare dry facts into attractive pictures of truth, whereby the gaining of knowledge becomes a pleasure instead of a drudgery. The more fully we are informed about our schools, the more intelligently we may direct the forces which make or mar our intellectual progress.

MEN OR WOMEN?—One of the more important questions arising is, Should the direction of the educational forces in our schools be placed in the hands of men or women? The latest report of the Commissioner of Education presents several interesting facts touching this inquiry.

The circles printed on the map given herewith compare the proportion of *male* teachers in each State with that of each other State. It is to be remembered that the circles represent the *proportions* of teachers only. They have no relation to the sizes of the several States. To illustrate: the little State of Delaware has a much larger circle than the great State of Montana, because it has thirty-one male teachers in each one hundred teachers employed, while Montana has only nineteen males to each one hundred teachers.

NEW YORK STATE.—Suppose now that the reader lives in New York State, and wishes to know whether the school children in his own State are more (or less) largely taught by male teachers as compared with the children of other States. Looking at the map, it is seen that the circle for New York is somewhat larger than for either of the New England States.

This means that the proportion of male teachers employed in the schools of New York State is greater than in the schools of either of the New England States. Looking again at the circles, it will be noted that the proportion represented by each circle is printed therewith in percentages, so that the reader, if he chooses, may discover that in New York 16.8 per cent. of the teachers are males, while in Massachusetts only 9.5 per cent. are males.

SOUTH AND WEST.—Glancing downward on the map, from New York, southerly and westerly, it is noticed that the circles are much larger, indicating that the proportion of male teachers is much greater than in New York. In only nine of the forty-seven States and Territories of the Union do the circles show that more than half of the teachers are males, the largest circle (68.5 per cent.) being in Arkansas. In twenty-two States the proportion of male teachers lies between one-half and one-fourth of the whole number, while the remaining sixteen have each less than one-fourth males, and Massachusetts has not quite one-tenth. The average for the whole country (circle just south of California) is seen to be almost exactly one-third.

THE CIVIL WAR.—Has this preponderance of female teachers in our schools always existed? If not, when did it originate? In his fourth annual report, the superintendent of public instruction of Kansas says: "School-teachers are proverbially patriotic. No class have been more ready to do for their country. Illinois has furnished for the army 3000 teachers. Among these was Professor Hovey, of the State Normal School. With him enlisted nearly a regiment of his own pupils. Ohio sent 5000—nearly half of her male teachers. New York sent from the school-room to the battle-field 3000 of her teachers." The secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education claimed (in 1875) that the increase of the proportion of female teachers was due to the civil war. He says, "The demand for young men during the war of the rebellion, and the higher rewards of labor after it, did much to change the old custom" (of employing a large proportion of male teachers). It would then appear to be fair to conclude that previous to the civil war the proportion of male teachers was much greater. "The higher rewards of labor" since the civil war, referred to above, is without doubt the most potent factor in decreasing the proportion of male teachers. The great industrial and commercial developments of this country furnish larger opportunities for energetic and ambitious men than do the schools. This view is corroborated under the heading "The Present Decrease," further on in this article.

With this explanation the study of the map takes on a new interest, for it is clearly noticeable that the circles in the Southern States average considerably larger than those in the Northern States. This would seem to indicate that in originating school systems in the South (for it must be remembered that previous to the civil war the South was almost absolutely destitute of common schools) a preponderance of male teachers was employed, just as was the case in the earlier history of schools in the North.

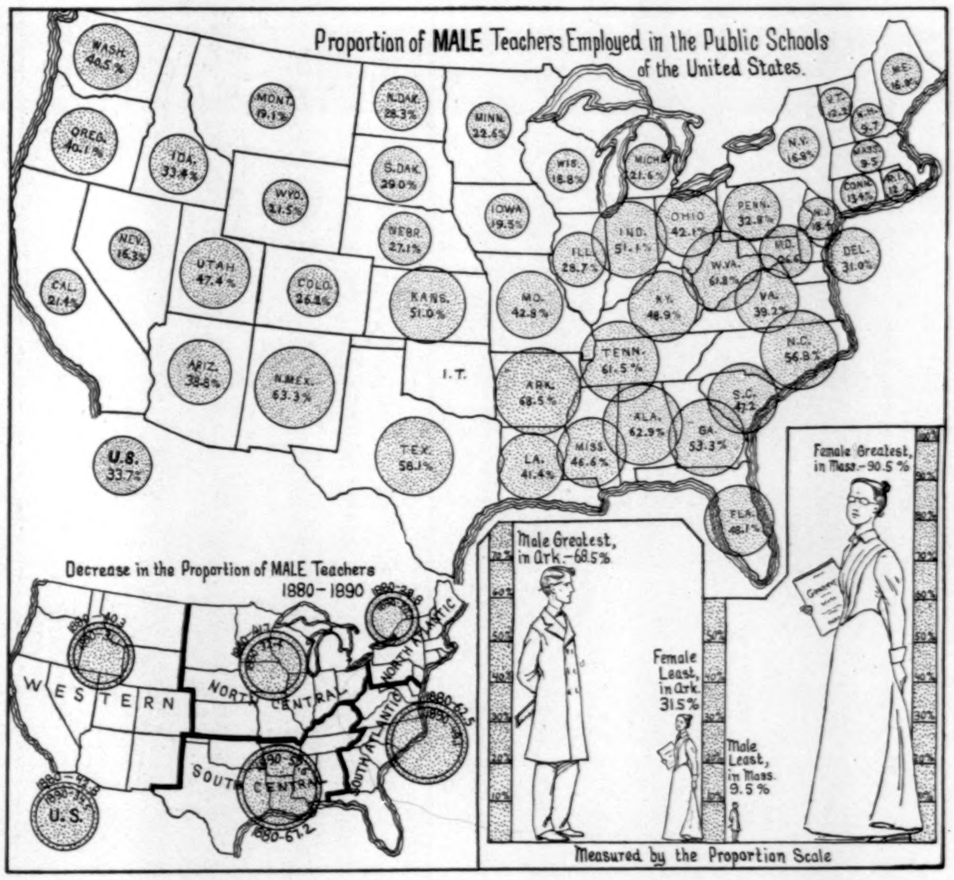
THE MAP CIRCLES.—While the circles on the map are a great aid in quickly and easily understanding how largely the proportions vary in the several States, they are yet inadequate to fully portray the real differences. The area of the map is so small as to necessitate the employment of small circles. Another difficulty lies in the fact that circles are to be compared by their areas—a comparison which the eye cannot readily measure. A comparison by a single dimension conveys a much truer impression of the relations of the proportions.

PROPORTION SCALES.—To set before the reader more clearly just what is meant by these ratios, the two States having the largest and smallest proportions of male teachers are selected for comparison by means of a single dimension. For this purpose three equally graded *proportion scales* are erected below the map, on which equal percentages are represented by equal altitudes. Standing against these scales are drawn four figures (representing male and female teachers) of the proper height to represent the exact proportion of male and female teachers employed in each of the two States. By this method the significance of the proportions is very graphically portrayed.

Without such a method it would be difficult to clearly understand how great is the preponderance of female influence exerted in the school-rooms of Massachusetts, or that the greatest proportion of male teachers (68.5 per cent. in Arkansas) is so considerably less than the greatest proportion of female teachers (90.5 per cent. in Massachusetts).

This brief summary of the map and its aids presents anew the question, Should the direction of the educational forces in our schools be placed in the hands of men or women?

THE PRESENT DECREASE.—This question is emphasized by an examination of the miniature map at the lower left-hand corner of the illustration. This little map shows clearly, by its double circles, that during the ten years 1880–90 the proportion of male teachers decreased rapidly in all parts of the country. The decrease was greatest in the New England section, amounting to a trifle over thirty per cent. The decrease for the whole country was over seventeen per cent.



During the preceding decade (1870 to 1880) there was a slight increase for the whole country, a decided increase in the New England section, and a trifling decrease in each of the other sections. To understand this difference the reader will recall the fact that from 1873 to 1879 this country was passing through a financial depression, which prevented business opportunities from offering as attractive chances for enterprising men as they have offered since that date.

A new development of decrease appears, then, to have occurred since 1880; and it seems pertinent to ask what has produced so decided a change, that, if continued two or three decades longer, would effectually snuff out the meagre twenty per cent. of male teachers now left in the New England section, and reduce the proportions in all other parts of the country to an insignificant fraction?

Since 1880 the movement of coeducation has made rapid progress in the colleges and higher institutions of learning in the United States. Special schools for the superior instruction of women have also greatly multiplied in number, while the older ones have largely increased their membership.

It is therefore natural to conclude that each year since 1880 has produced an increasing number of women graduates from these institutions. One of the most natural employments for these multiplied and multiplying women graduates is that of teaching. It is not therefore improbable that a largely increased number of women capable of taking prominent places as teachers has been the prime factor in producing so remarkable a change in the proportions of male and female teachers in our schools during these later years. It may be added that the reports since 1890 indicate that the change is still going forward.

There is also another important factor in the problem, viz., the difference in wages paid to male and female teachers. This phase of the question will properly find its place in a later paper to be devoted to the subject of salaries.

IS IT A GOOD CHANGE?—Is the intellectual power of our educational forces increased or diminished thereby? To put the question in another form: Are the school-children of the United States more thoroughly or less thoroughly prepared to face the teeming business activities that they must enter as they leave the thousands of school-rooms scattered throughout the land? Do they make more thorough or less thorough workers in the households, on the farms, in the shops, in the factories, in the counting-rooms, in the sales-rooms, and in the various professional occupations, than fifty years ago?

These are important questions. It is sometimes asserted that the schools of our country no longer turn out such strong men as they did when Webster and his compatriots represented the intellectual forces of the nation. It is said that the sturdy good sense of the common people, the farmer, the tradesman, and the artisan of to-day, is not equal to that of their ancestors.

While these sayings may contain something of truth, it may well be questioned whether they really cover the ground they seem to cover. The intelligent citizen of this country fifty years ago may have had more "common-sense" (using the term literally), may have understood more about each of the then limited interests of the country than the intelligent citizen of to-day understands about the multiplied complexity of interests which enter into our present national life.

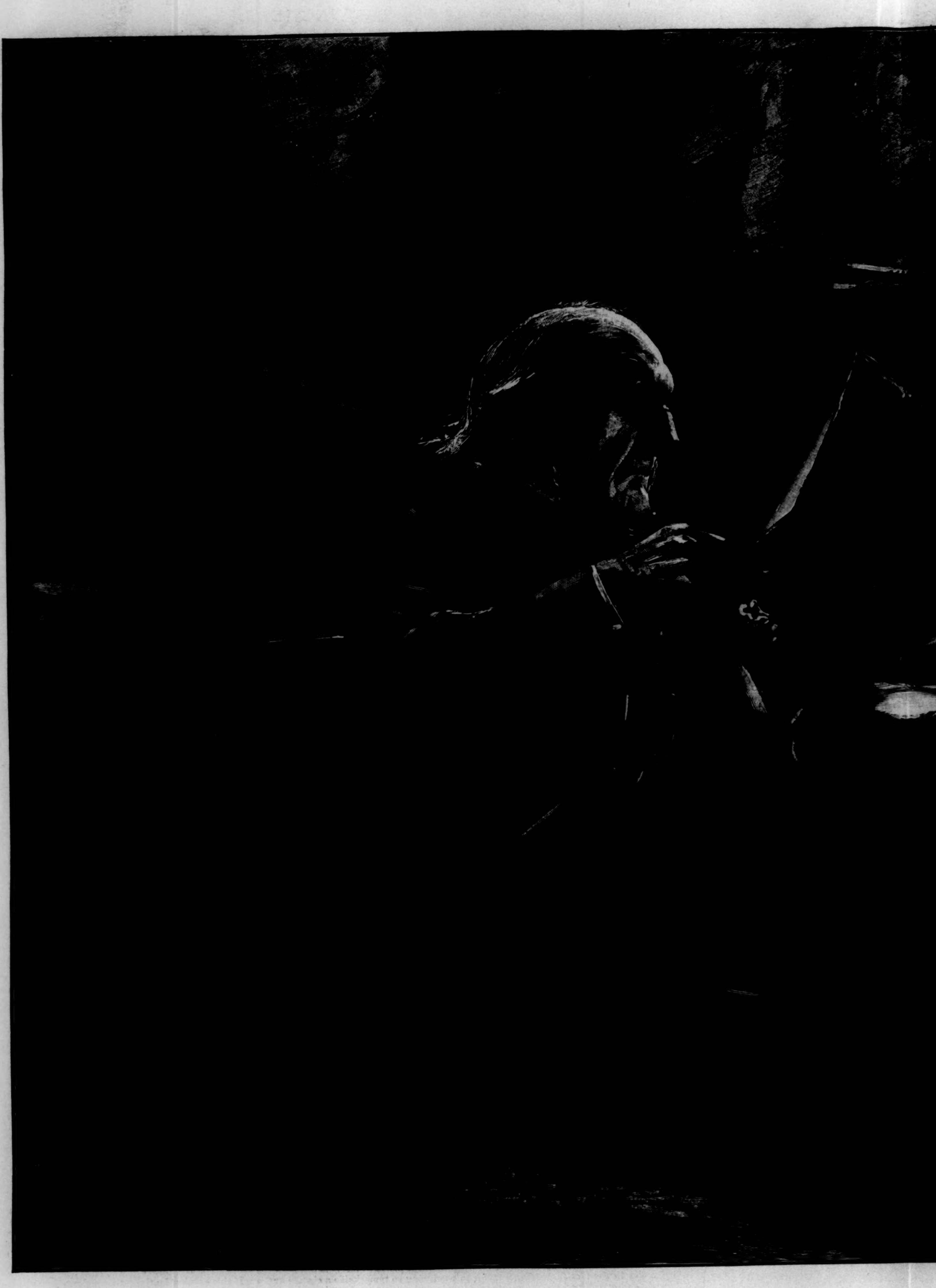
It is easy to see that this may be true. It is easy to see that the intellectual development which would enable a man to grasp the few problems of life fifty years ago (and life was much simpler in all its relations then), would not go far toward grasping the intricate multitude of problems which must be solved to-day.

SPECIALISTS.—The only way to face the present situation is to fit each of our citizens to thoroughly grasp certain related interests in a single field. In other words, the schools of to-day are to be judged by the quality of specialists which they turn out.

The question, therefore, takes this form: Are the interests of the nation as well served during these later years by specialists as they were served by the "common" knowledge of forty or fifty years ago? Is the country as prosperous as it was then? Is as good personal work done on the farm, in the factory, at the desk, on the platform, in legislative halls, as then? In a word, Is the country advancing or retrograding?

To answer these questions is to answer the original question. If there has been real progress, then we may commend the introduction of a largely increased ratio of female teachers into our common schools.

THE MORAL PHASE.—There is, however, another side to the question. The thoroughness which secures success in business and social life is a high and strong moral quality in and of itself. Yet there are other moral qualities needed to round out and produce the highest development of character. There is but one opinion in this country as to the moral influence of women as teachers in our schools. If this opinion be right, then we may expect a favorable verdict in comparing the fruits of moral quality as ex-



MR. GLADSTONE IN HIS STUDY AT HAWA

AWARDEN.—From a Drawing by Sydney P. Hall.

hibited in the conditions of the country to-day with those of fifty years ago. Has the *regret* of fifty years ago about the suffering of the defective and dependent members of the community become more than *regret* to-day? Are we making more practical provision to ameliorate that suffering? Have we a larger proportion of hospitals, asylums, and other institutions for the relief of the unfortunate, the weak, and the incompetent than fifty years ago? Is there an increased proportion of people of means and of leisure who give of time and dollars to carry aid and helpfulness into the homes of the destitute and hopeless?

To answer these questions in the affirmative is to give judgment in favor of the increased ratio of female teachers in our schools. To admit that there has been improvement in a community is to admit that the active forces which operate to mould the community have improved. Prominent among those active forces are the common schools of the community. There seems, therefore, no just way of escaping a verdict favorable to the employment of female teachers to direct both the mental and moral development of the youth of the United States.

THE TEXT BOOK "CRAZE."—To admit these facts is to admit much more than appears on the surface. Within the past fifty years "craze" after "craze" has sprung up in the United States. Abnormal developments of one kind and another have swept the country from end to end, threatening to obliterate the use of steady, purposeful thought in the field invaded, and for the time being apparently succeeding.

Our educational system has not escaped this serious interference, and the text-book "craze" is not yet in its decline. The number of subjects included in the school course has now increased until teachers themselves are beginning to see the error of such a proceeding. Parents and business men have long protested against a system that undertakes so much more than can possibly be accomplished.

In colleges and other higher institutions of learning the weakness of such a proceeding is beginning to be recognized, and special limited courses of study are more and more provided. In the common schools, however, the "craze" is still rampant. The minds of children are crammed until the young brain has no power to digest and the mental system no power to assimilate the conglomerate mass gorging its capacity. The natural result is the merest smattering of knowledge, unfitting the pupil for thoroughness in anything.

"As the twig is bent the tree is inclined" is a true proverb. It is therefore the greater wonder that teachers, male or female, who have the bending of these human twigs, have been able to give them any "bent" at all toward thorough practical work.

When the "craze" at last is over, and the work of our schools is organized on a basis recognizing that the Creator limited the mental capacity of man, then what grand results we may hope to see achieved by our great army of faithful female teachers!

A RECENT JOURNEY THROUGH THE WEST.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

VII.—AMERICAN COMFORT AND LUXURY.

THERE is a wide span between the New-Yorkers who fancy that everything worth having, seeing, and doing is to be enjoyed here, and those occasional visitors who declare the metropolis backward and old-fashioned. The trouble with the New-Yorkers who boast that there is nothing admirable away from New York is that they have not travelled enough. The trouble with the others is that they are also provincial, prejudiced, or they come to New York without the good fortune of having friends to lift the lid off the town and show them what composes it. Because of its size, New York makes little display of features that would be very conspicuous in a smaller place. Sometimes these visiting critics miss a like modern improvement which they enjoy at home, and because they do not see it they declare the commercial capital old fogy. I heard it so called in Syracuse once, I remember, because that city boasted a number of phonographs of the latest pattern at a time when they had not become familiar to New York. And in Detroit, the other day, the same charge was made against New York because it was not known to have utilized an automatic heat-regulator which was in every bedroom in Detroit's best hotel.

I have recently travelled, with frequent stops, across to San Francisco, and also from St. Paul to New Orleans, and, from having the subject forced upon my attention, have noted the public conveniences and attractions, which in a great many newer cities are comparable with or better than the same things in the East. Of course I found that neither side has the advantage on all points in the controversy over which of the two great sections is the more enterprising. The middle ground holds the truth. The greatest outlay upon important public and semi-public improvements is found wherever the population is greatest. The West is the keener for whatever is novel.

The rudenesses that were dwelt upon in Dickens's *American Notes* have all but vanished from nearly all our cities, and European or home-bred critics must now find fault with our manners rather than our surroundings, if they are such as look for blemishes. The methods and appurtenances of living are nearly all of a grade—a high one—like the ubiquitous palace-cars and trolley lines and shopping stores. Not even in the Territories, outside Alaska, can one be sure of finding rude and primitive accommodations. In nearly all the cities of the land the most finicky traveller, even the pampered club-man and the son of the millionaire (hardest to suit of all), may be certain that their money will buy nearly everything they are used to in the older cities.

The dining-room of the Hollenden Hotel in Cleveland has long been praised for its size and beauty, but it has been distanced in the Hotel Cadillac in Detroit, where, in a palatial hall, the tables are set with soft and rosy banquet lights, and the diners hear pretty music from a band that plays in a balcony while the dinner is on. Whoever puts up at the Palace in San Francisco or the Auditorium in Chicago finds such amplitude and cost and modern appointments as would cause a Londoner to stare. At the Palace Hotel he finds a grill-room than which there is none better anywhere, supplied from a market which, as far as game and fruits and vegetables are concerned, is more complete than any except those of Washington and New Orleans. And at the Wellington, and possibly the Richelieu, in Chicago, he finds restaurants where the French waiters, the eclectic cooking, and something indescribable in the atmosphere—something not at all begotten by display—put him at ease at once, as if he were in any one of the older capitals of either continent.

At the Niagara in Buffalo (small, dainty, hugging a court of tropical plants) he gets a sense of daintiness and coziness that no big hotel in any big city can vouchsafe. New Orleans will soon deserve to be in such a list as this, for one of the world's fine hotels is building there. In Milwaukee the Pfister equals in cost and style any except three or four of the really wonderful hotels of the land, and in Quebec the Château Frontenac is of the same grade. So is the Portland, in the city of that name in Oregon. In Milwaukee the tourist discovers restaurants and *Bierstuben* designed and built by artists fresh from Munich, who have had every chance to improve upon any designs for such places in Germany. Indeed, if a hypercritical New-Yorker asks nothing more than garish drinking-places, he can have his fault-finding dulled in any one of a dozen cities. New York still leads the vulgar race with the most costly art-gallery bar-room, but the other cities boast what their saloon *habitués* would call "close seconds." Buffalo has such a palace, and whereas New York has long had a bar-room with silver dollars let into the floor, Chicago led with the idea, and has five times as many dollars in the floor of the greatest and finest barber-shop in Christendom. And Denver prides itself upon a saloon whose floor is studded with twenty-dollar gold coins.

There is no candy and soda-water shop in America to equal one in Chicago, whose walls are coated with looking-glass cut to gleam like jewels. We pride ourselves upon our railway depot, but Philadelphia has two fine ones—the Pennsylvania and the Reading—and St. Louis's Union Depot and the Illinois Central Railway Depot in Chicago are splendid stations. San Francisco has swimming-baths that no other city parallels, and that city and New Orleans and Galveston have refreshing water-side resorts within their boundaries the like of which the people of other cities are put to trouble, expense, and travel to get at. Chicago has a jewelry store second only to Tiffany's, and approached in only two other American cities—Cleveland and San Francisco. St. Louis has two jewelry stores nearly as fine. The most ambitious shop for the sale of bric-à-brac, outside of New York, is in Cleveland, and no city on the continent has such a book-store as McClurg's in Chicago. Pittsburg has one of the finest and most modern theatres in the world, wherein the actors are cared for as they are nowhere else while at work. The best theatres of Chicago are of the first class, and St. Paul, Milwaukee, Cleveland, and Denver have each at least one theatre that is finer than some noted ones on Broadway.

Many cities now display tall buildings, but the only dizzy ones—"sky-scrapers," as the firemen call them—are in the only two cities in which there are need and excuse for them. Those cities are New York and Chicago, in both of which, for different reasons, the business districts are cramped. As for the club-houses of the country, there are none of the conventional types here or in London that are of a higher grade than three in Chicago—the Chicago, the Chicago Athletic, and the Union League. There are few clubs in cities of the same size in the East that have better headquarters than the Detroit, Minneapolis, Pacific Union and Bohemian of San Francisco, and the Boston Club of New Orleans. The Jewish club of Cleveland should go in the same category. The *Garten Verein*, or Garden Club, of Galveston, is a unique institution, delightful beyond any form or variation of the country club in America. The modern plan of putting the kitchens in the tops of buildings has been adopted in certain clubs and hotels in many cities, even of the size of Milwaukee and still smaller Duluth. In their concessions to the women and their quarters for them the Western clubs are far more progressive than most of ours in the East. A large, costly, and attractive "arcade," or interior court of shops, in the business centre of Cleveland, is said to be the finest except one that is in southern Europe. The public parks which Chicago already possesses, and those that are in various stages of development in St. Louis, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, and San Francisco, are among the noblest works of our people. Noble, splendid residence streets are among the possessions of Cleveland, Minneapolis, St. Louis, San Francisco, Detroit, and New Orleans. The finest ones of the semi-parkway type are in Buffalo, St. Paul, and Milwaukee.

The science of good cooking has spread more slowly than any other concomitant of high civilization. Without mentioning names, I will simply assert that there are great cities in this country without good restaurants or even second-class cooking in their best hotels. One could draw an enormous circle upon the centre of the map, and wager that no high-class cooking could be had within its confines, except in private dwellings. From Richmond to New Orleans by any route there is no first-class dining-place, except in certain pleasure and health resorts in their season. In the entire South the only good cooks who cater to the public are French ones in New Orleans and Galveston. These are the capitals of good cooking: New York, Chicago, San Francisco, New Orleans, and Galveston. The sub-capitals are Washington, Richmond, and Milwaukee—which last-named city contains artistic German cooks. I may be doing an injustice to Cincinnati in this respect; it is the only American city of importance with which I am not familiar.

To descend to the less important, and yet to demonstrate how eager the West is for "the latest," whatever it may be, I will close with a mention of the "pantatoriums," which are springing up in the more active cities. These are simply tailoring and mending shops which never close by day or night. "We work while you sleep" is their motto, and it reveals the principle upon which they do business. The commercial travellers who meet with mishaps to their clothing, as well as such impoverished local dandies as possess but one suit of clothes, and yet want that to appear at its best, may go to bed in one of these cities, and send out their garments to be cleaned, pressed, mended (and dyed, for aught I know to the contrary) before they awake next morning. The laundries in such towns do even better by them. One may send out his wash at luncheon-time, and have it returned finished by the dinner hour of the same day.

MAIL-CARS ON A NEW YORK STREET RAILROAD.

ON October 1st the General Post-office authorities made an important addition to the railway mail service by placing mail-cars on the Third Avenue street-car line in New York city. The cars are fitted like the cars on steam railroads, and the clerks in them do work similar to those on steam railroads. The object of the cars is to facilitate mail distribution for city letters. Formerly letters from out of town were taken to the Twenty-third Sub-Station in the city in wagons. The sorting was done in the post-office downtown. Letters from one sub-station to another were sent to various minor distributing offices, and then forwarded by wagon to the sub-stations.

The Third Avenue car line passes nine of the sub-stations. When a car starts from the main post-office the letters for uptown delivery are placed on board in bulk. The two clerks in each car sort it as they go. They toss into bags and pouches each piece of mail matter, and when a sub-station is reached the mails for that place are taken off. Matter for stations further up town is received, and this is distributed as the car goes on. Sub-stations near but not directly on the main route send their mails to the cars, and receive mails made up on the journey. The routine is the same on the way down town.

There are now eight cars in the service. Each car has two clerks, one of whom goes north as far as 125th Street. The other goes to the terminus of the road, now at 186th Street. The cars start at half-hour intervals from each terminus, and occupy one hour and thirty-eight minutes in making a trip one way. Not only are there pouches and bags in the cars for each sub-station, but pigeon-holes for each of the leading cities, and also for the various States in the country. On the downward trip letters for these places are made ready to be sent out at once on the steam railroads. The clerks also sort letters for about ninety carriers' routes on their way up and down town. These routes are on the chief streets adjacent to the line. The cars are painted white, and when they are ready to start they are dragged by horses from a side track at the terminal, and attached to the first cable-car that comes along. The value of the system consists entirely in the saving of time by distribution during transit.

A HOUSE-BOAT ON THE STYX.

BEING SOME ACCOUNT OF THE DIVERS DOINGS OF THE ASSOCIATED SHADES.

(*Publication Authorized by the House Committee.*)

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

X.—STORY-TELLERS' NIGHT.

IT was Story-Tellers' Night at the house-boat, and the best talkers of Hades were impressed into the service. Doctor Johnson was made chairman of the evening.

"Put him in the chair," said Raleigh. "That's the only way to keep him from telling a story himself. If he starts in on a tale he'll make it a serial sure as fate, but if you make him the medium through which other story-tellers are introduced to the club he'll be finely epigrammatic. He can be very short and sharp when he's talking about somebody else. Personality is his forte."

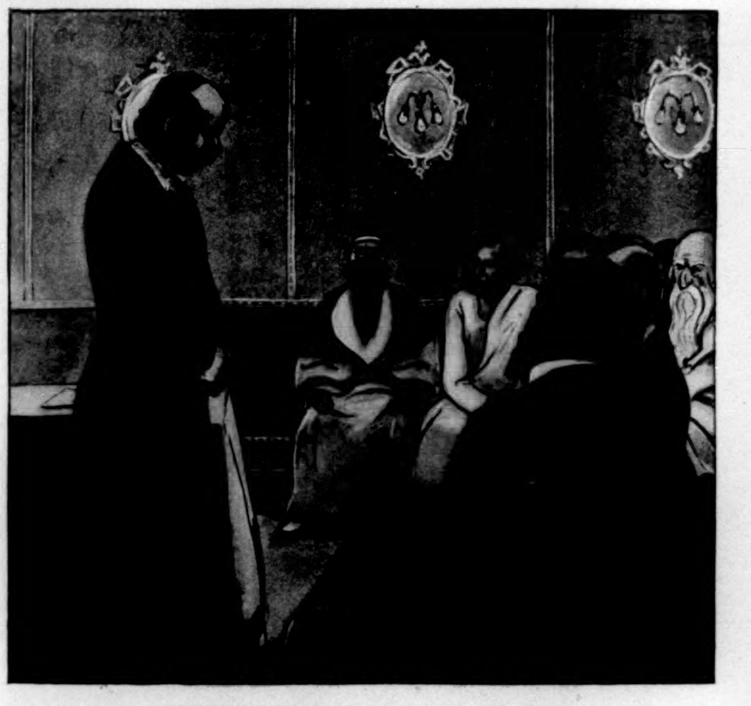
"Great scheme!" said Diogenes, who was chairman of the Entertainment Committee. "The nights over here are long, but if Johnson started on a story they'd have to reach twice around eternity and half-way back to give him time to finish all he had to say."

"He's not very witty, in my judgment," said Carlyle, who since his arrival in the other world has manifested some jealousy of Solomon and Dr. Johnson.

"That's true enough," said Raleigh, "but he's strong, and he's bound to say something that will put the audience in sympathy with the man that he introduces, and that's half the success of a Story-Tellers' Night. I've told stories myself. If your audience doesn't sympathize with you, you'd be better off at home putting the baby to bed."

And so it happened. Dr. Johnson was made chairman, and the evening came. The Doctor was in great form. A list of the story-tellers had been sent him in advance, and he was prepared. The audience was about as select a one as can be found in Hades. The doors were thrown open to the friends of the members, and the smoke-furnace had been filled with a very superior quality of Arcadian mixture, which Scott had brought back from a haunting trip to the home of "The Little Minister" at Thrums.

"Friends and fellow-spooks," the Doctor began, when all were seated on the visionary camp-stools—which, by-the-way, are far superior to those in use in a world of realities, because they do not creak in the midst of a fine point demanding absolute silence for appreciation—"I do not know why I have been chosen to preside over this gathering of phantoms. It is the province of a presiding officer on occasions of this sort to say pleasant things, which he does not necessarily endorse, about the sundry persons who are to do the story-telling. Now I suppose you all know me pretty well by this time. If there is anybody who doesn't, I'll be glad to have him presented after the formal work of the evening is over, and if I don't like him I'll tell him so. You know that if I can be counted upon for any one thing it is candor. Saying pleasant things is not one of my notable features, and if I hurt the feelings of any of these individuals whom I introduce to-night I want them distinctly to understand that it is not that I love them less, but that I love truth more. With this—ah—blanket apology, as it were, to cover all possible emergencies that may arise during the evening, I will begin. The first speaker on the programme, I regret to observe, is my friend Goldsmith. Affairs of this kind ought to begin with a snap, and while Oliver is a most excellent writer, as a speaker he is a pebbleless Demosthenes. If I had had the arrangement of the programme I should have had Goldsmith tell his story while the rest of us were downstairs at supper. However, we must abide by our programme, which is unconscionably long,



GOLDSMITH, PALE WITH FEAR, RISES TO SPEAK.

for otherwise we shall never get through it. Those of you who agree with me as to the pleasure of listening to my friend Goldsmith will do well to join me in the grill-room while he is speaking, where, I understand, there is a very fine line of punches ready to be served. Modest Noll, will you kindly inflict yourself upon the gathering, and send me word when you get through, if you ever do, so that I may return and present number two to the assembly, whoever or whatever he may be."

With these words the Doctor retired, and poor Goldsmith, pale with fear, rose up to speak. It was evident that he was quite as doubtful of his ability as a talker as was Johnson.

"I'm not much of a talker, or, as some say, speaker," he said. "Talking is not my forte, as Doctor Johnson has told you, and I am therefore not much at it. Speaking is not in my line. I cannot speak or talk, as it were, because I am not particularly ready at the making of a speech, due partly to the fact that I am not much of a talker anyhow, and seldom if ever speak. I will therefore not bore you by attempting to speak, since a speech by one who like myself is, as you are possibly aware, not a fluent nor indeed in any sense an eloquent speaker is apt to be a bore to those who will be kind enough to listen to my remarks, but will read instead the first five chapters of the *Vicar of Wakefield.*"

"Who suggested any such night as this, anyhow?" growled Carlyle. "Five chapters of the *Vicar of Wakefield* for a starter! Lord save us!—we'll need a Vicar of Sleepfield if he's allowed to do this."

"I move we adjourn," said Darwin.

"Can't something be done to keep these younger members quiet?" asked Solomon, frowning upon Carlyle and Darwin.

"Yes," said Douglas Jerrold. "Let Goldsmith go on. He'll have them asleep in ten minutes."

Meanwhile Goldsmith was plodding earnestly through his stint, utterly and happily oblivious of the effect he was having upon his audience.

"This is awful," whispered Wellington to Bonaparte.

"Worse than Waterloo," replied the ex-Emperor, with a grin. "But we can stop it in a minute. Artemus Ward told me once how a camp-meeting he attended in the West broke up to go outside and see a dog-fight. Can't you and I pretend to quarrel? A personal assault by you on me will wake these people up and discombobulate Goldsmith. Say the word—only don't hit too hard."

"I'm with you," said Wellington; whereupon, with a great show of heat, he roared out: "You? Never! I'm more afraid of a boy with a bean-snapper than I ever was of you," and followed up his remark by pulling Bonaparte's camp-chair from under him, and letting the victor of Austerlitz fall to the floor with a thud which I have since heard described as dull and sickening.

The effect was instantaneous. Compared with a personal encounter between the two great figures of Waterloo, a reading from his own works by Goldsmith seemed lacking in the elements essential to the holding of an audience. Consequently attention was centred in the belligerent warriors, and, by some odd mistake, when a peace-loving member of the assemblage, realizing the indecorousness of the incident, cried out, "Put him out! put him out!" the attendants rushed in, and taking poor Goldsmith by his collar, hustled him out through the door, across the deck, and tossed him ashore, without reference to the gang-plank. This accomplished, a personal explanation of their course was made by the quarrelling generals, and peace having been restored, a committee was sent in search of Goldsmith, with suitable apologies. The good and kindly soul returned, but, having lost his book in the *mêlée*, much to his own gratification, as well as to that of the audience, he was permitted to rest in quiet the balance of the evening.

"Is he through?" said Johnson, poking his head in at the door when order was restored.

"Yes, sir," said Boswell; "that is to say, he has retired permanently from the field. He didn't finish, though."

"Fellow-spooks," began Johnson once more, "now that you have been delighted with the honeyed eloquence of the last speaker, it is my privilege to present to you that eminent fabulist Baron Munchausen, the greatest unrealist of all time, who will give you an exhibition of his paradoxical power of lying while standing."

The applause which greeted the Baron was deafening. He was beyond all doubt one of the most popular members of the club.

"Speaking of whales—" said he, leaning gracefully against the table.

"Nobody has mentioned 'em," said Johnson.

"True," retorted the Baron; "but you always suggest them by your apparently unquenchable thirst for spouting. Speaking of whales, my friend Jonah, as well as the rest of you, may be interested to know that I once had an experience similar to his own, and, strange to say, with the identical whale."

Jonah arose from his seat in the back of the room. "I do not wish to be unpleasant," he said, with a strong effort to be calm, "but I wish to ask if Judge Blackstone is in the room."

"I am," said the Judge, rising. "What can I do for you?"

"I desire to apply for an injunction restraining the Baron from using my whale in his story. That whale, your honor, is copyrighted," said Jonah. "If I had any other claim to the affection of mankind than the one which is based on my experience with that famous leviathan, I would willingly permit the Baron to introduce him into his story; but that whale, your honor, is my stock in trade—he is my all."

"I think Jonah's point is well taken," said Blackstone, turning to the Baron. "It would be a distinct hardship, I think, if the plaintiff in this action were to be deprived of the exclusive use of his sole accessory. The injunction prayed for is therefore granted. The court would suggest, however, that the Baron continue with his story, using another whale for the purpose."

"It is impossible," said Munchausen, gloomily. "The whole point of the story depends upon its having been Jonah's whale. Under the circumstances the only thing I can do is to sit down. I regret the narrowness of mind exhibited by my friend Jonah, but I must respect the decision of the court."

"I must take exception to the Baron's allusion to my narrowness of mind," said Jonah, with some show of heat. "I am simply defending my rights, and I intend to continue to do so, if the whole world unites in considering my mind a mere slot scarcely wide enough for the insertion of a nickel. That whale was my discovery, and the personal discomfort I endured in perfecting my experience with him was such that I resolved to rest my reputation upon his broad proportions only—to sink or swim with him—and I cannot at this late day permit another to crowd me out of his exclusive use."

Jonah sat down and fanned himself, and the Baron, with a look of disgust on his face, left the room.

"Up to his old tricks," he growled as he went. "He queers everything he goes into. If I'd known he was a member of this club I'd never have joined."

"We do not appear to be progressing very rapidly," said Doctor Johnson, rising. "So far we have made two efforts to have stories told, and have met with disaster each time. I don't know but what you are to be congratulated, however, on your escape. Very few of you, I observe, have as yet fallen asleep. The next number on the programme, I see, is Boswell, who was to have entertained you with a few reminiscences. I say was to have done so, because he is not to do so."

"I'm ready," said Boswell, rising.

"No doubt," retorted Johnson, severely, "but I am not. You are a man with one subject—myself. I admit it's a good subject, but you are not the man to treat of it—here. You may suffice for mortals, but here it is different. I can speak for myself. You can go out and sit on the banks of the Vitriol Reservoir and inflict your reminiscences upon the Imps employed there if you want to, but when it comes to reminiscences of me, I'm on deck myself, and I flatter myself I remember what I said and did more accurately than you do. Therefore, gentlemen, instead of listening to Boswell at this point, you will kindly excuse him, and listen to me. Ahem! When I was a boy—"

"Excuse me," said Solomon, rising, "but how long is this—ah—this entertaining discourse of yours to continue?"

"Until I get through," returned Johnson, wrathfully.

"Are you aware, sir, that I am on the programme?" asked Solomon.

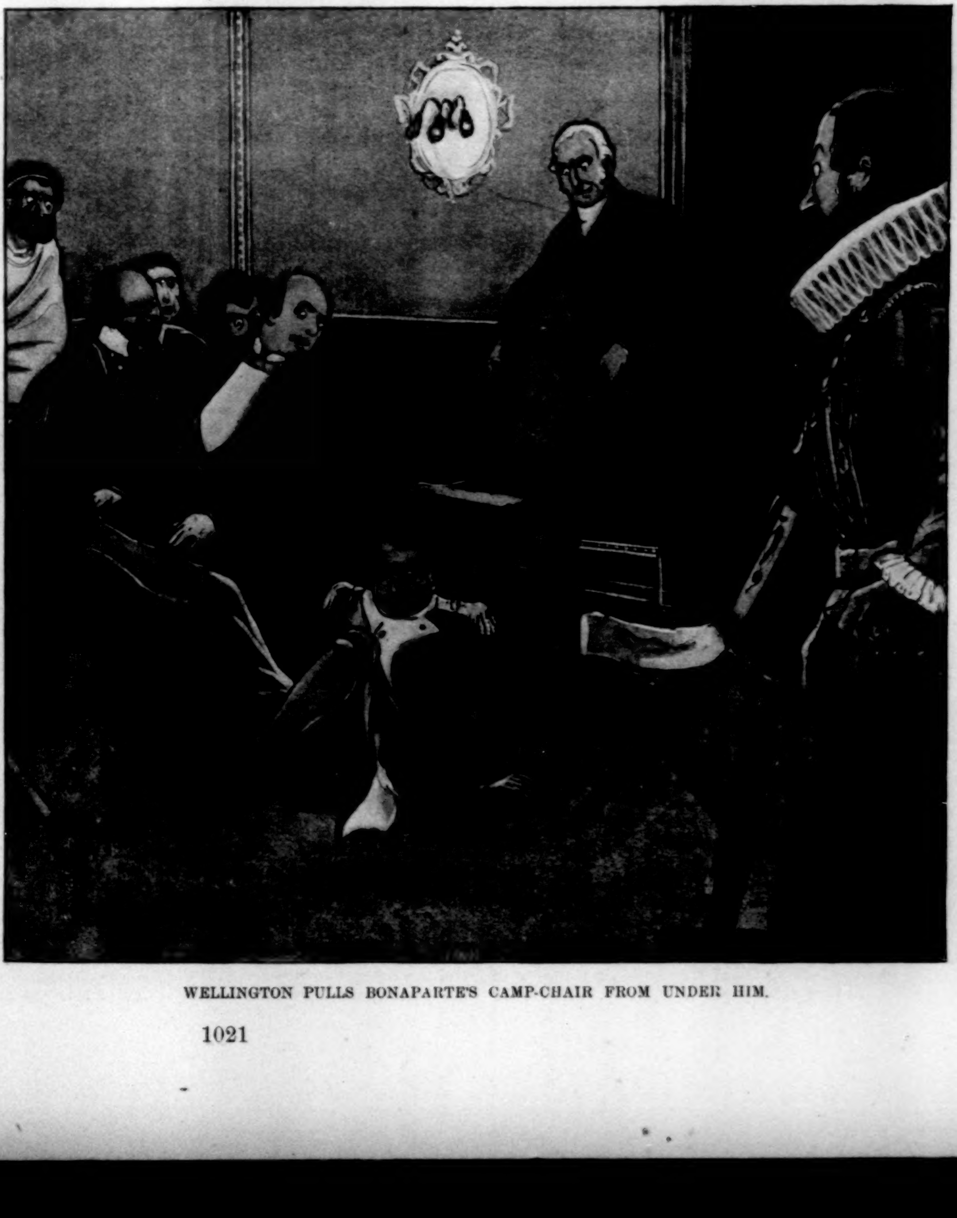
"I am," said the Doctor. "With that in mind, for the sake of our fellow-spooks who are present, I am very much inclined to keep on forever. When I was a boy—"

Carlyle rose up at this point. "I should like to ask," he said, mildly, "if this is supposed to be an audience of children? I for one have no wish to listen to the juvenile stories of Doctor Johnson. Furthermore, I have come here particularly to-night to hear Boswell. I want to compare him with Froude. I therefore protest against—"

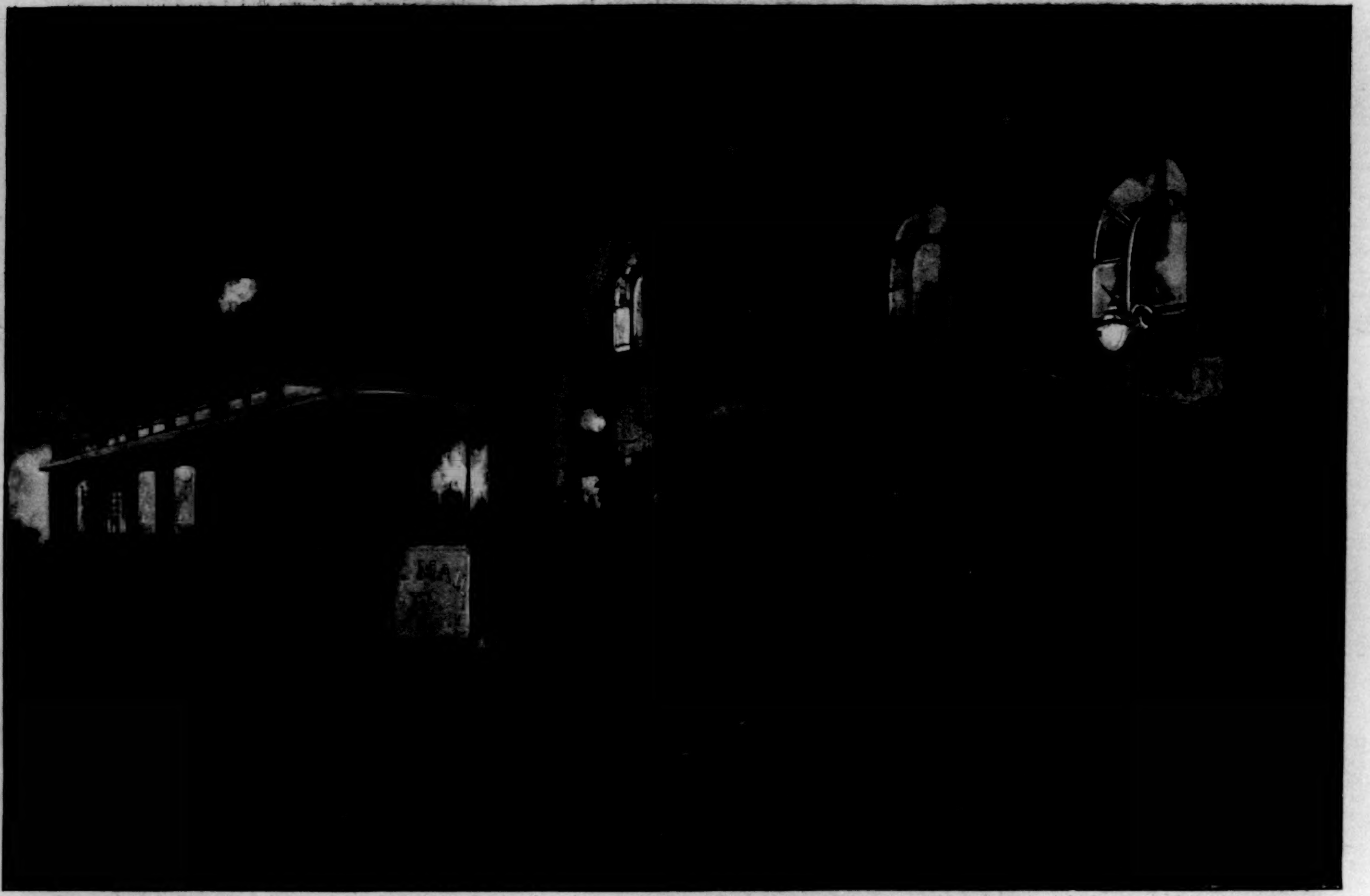
"There is a roof to this house-boat," said Doctor Johnson. "If Mr. Carlyle will retire to the roof with Boswell, I have no doubt he can be accommodated. As for Solomon's interruption, I can afford to pass that over with the silent contempt it deserves, though I may add with propriety that I consider his most famous proverbs the most absurd bits of hack-work I ever encountered; and as for that story about dividing a baby between two mothers by splitting it in two, it was grossly inhuman, unless the baby was twins. When I was a boy—"

As the Doctor proceeded, Carlyle and Solomon, accompanied by the now angry Boswell, left the room, and my account of the Story-Tellers' Night must perforce stop, because, though I have never heretofore confessed it, all my information concerning the House-boat on the Styx has been derived from the memoranda of Boswell. It may be interesting to the reader to learn, however, that, according to Boswell's account, the Story-Tellers' Night was never finished, but whether this means that it broke up immediately afterwards in a riot, or that Doctor Johnson is still at work detailing his reminiscences, I am not at the moment of writing able to ascertain, for Boswell, when I have the pleasure of meeting him, invariably avoids the subject.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



WELLINGTON PULLS BONAPARTE'S CAMP-CHAIR FROM UNDER HIM.



LOADING THE UNITED STATES MAILS ON BOARD A NEW CABLE MAIL-CAR AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE, NEW YORK CITY.
DRAWN BY W. LOUIS SONNTAG, JUN.—[SEE PAGE 1020.]

THE CLEANING OF THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.

BY GEORGE E. WARING, JUN., COMMISSIONER.

IN December last Mayor Strong invited me to New York and offered me the office of Commissioner of Street-Cleaning. I made it a condition of my acceptance that I should be entirely exempt from interference and free of all political obligations. I would undertake to clean the streets if I could do it in my own unhampered way, and not otherwise. A long conference ended in a cordial understanding, which has been lived up to on both sides. I have done my best to satisfy the Mayor and the public, and the Mayor has supported and seconded my efforts in the most loyal way. During the nine months of my work he has asked me to appoint, to a very subordinate position, one man only, and this from his interest in the individual as an industrious and worthy person, not as a politician. On rare occasions he has referred to me, without urgency, an application which may or may not have had a political origin. Much more often than not I have disregarded the application and the reference, and my action has not even been commented on. In short, Mayor Strong has done exactly what he engaged to do.

I have never had to appoint a man nor to remove a man for any other reason than the interest of the work. Politics is now unknown in the department, which has been said to have been full of "Tammany heelers" before. For one reason or another—generally for age, inefficiency, insubordination, or drinking—less than one-third of the old force has been got rid of. Fully two-thirds of the present force is made up of men who were appointed by my predecessors. They are the same old men, but they have been revivified by new influences. They used to keep their places by political services and contributions. I have seen an order, signed by a former Commissioner in his official capacity, practically commanding a certain weekly payment to be made by each man to the chief clerk. Safety of tenure depended on political allegiance and activity. When a man was dismissed, his backer simply commanded the Commissioner to reinstate him.

All this is past, and the men know it, and they rejoice in it. They are now free men. What they earn, they own. No ward captain or district leader can have them turned out to make room for his own followers. Their positions now depend solely on their fitness for the work. They are no longer "Tammany" men or "Platt" men. They are department men. The difference between the two estates of these employés is obvious to those who remember the movements of the street-sweepers of last year and contrast them with those of the sweepers of to-day. The difference is mainly the result of freedom from political control. I have already had occasion to say that the secret of our success has been that we have put a man instead of a voter at the other end of the broom-handle.

It very early became evident that the streets could not be cleaned without the hearty interest and help of the people. Popular indifference was our greatest obstacle, and popular interest was the greatest desideratum. Fortunately, the tendency of the newspapers to talk about everything connected with the new reform administration afforded a good field for exploitation, and we did all we could to have something about street-cleaning appear in every issue of every daily paper in the city. Where we could not get praise, we courted and stimulated censure or ridicule—anything but neglect and indifference.

Two incidents helped greatly to this end. I had occasion to snub some labor-union men, who wanted to run the department for me. This brought on a resounding howl that did us much good by the renewed attention it drew to the department. A little later a private expression of my private opinion of the Grand Army of the Republic was betrayed to a reporter, who so far perverted it that I had no choice but to repeat in public what I had said in confidence. What followed will still be remembered. The pension-bummers and the professional veterans made things particularly lively for weeks. This so alarmed those who cared for the continuance of our work that they became equally active on the other side. Between the two, and by the time the storm had blown over, the Department of Street-Cleaning had become an object of interest or of curiosity to every man and woman in New York.

It was not, while it lasted, a pleasant experience for me, nor for Mayor Strong, but it is now clear that nothing ever did so much to bring the people to a realization of their own interest in the cleaning of the streets as the notoriety that was given to them by the G.A.R. hullabaloo of last spring. Thanks especially to this, our efforts are now seconded by such a mass of people of all conditions and in all parts of the city that the problem of cleanliness is practically solved, and we can now look confidently forward to the time when New York will be the cleanest city in the world; and it is not far away.

When the work of this administration first began, the streets of New York were not clean, except in a few conspicuous places, like Broadway below Thirty-fourth Street, the more frequented avenues, and the better residence streets. Much of the rest was far from clean, much more was habitually dirty, and not a little was unqualifiedly filthy. The crowded foreign quarters were the worst, but the downtown business streets were not far behind them. Almost everywhere, except on the principal thoroughfares, it was the custom of truckmen to store their unhoused vehicles in the streets. The number so stored was variously estimated at from 30,000 to 60,000. Probably the smaller number was too large, but practically the whole city was disfigured and an infinite nuisance was created by this almost universal practice. Not only did the trucks prevent the proper cleaning of the streets, but they became resorts for lawless and dissolute characters, and were a curse to residents in their vicinity, as well as a danger to those passing them in the night. Many efforts had been made to execute the law requiring the removal of these trucks from the streets, but it seems to have been the general opinion that such removal was impossible. Spasmodic and partially successful efforts had been made, but, as a matter of fact, no success had been achieved.

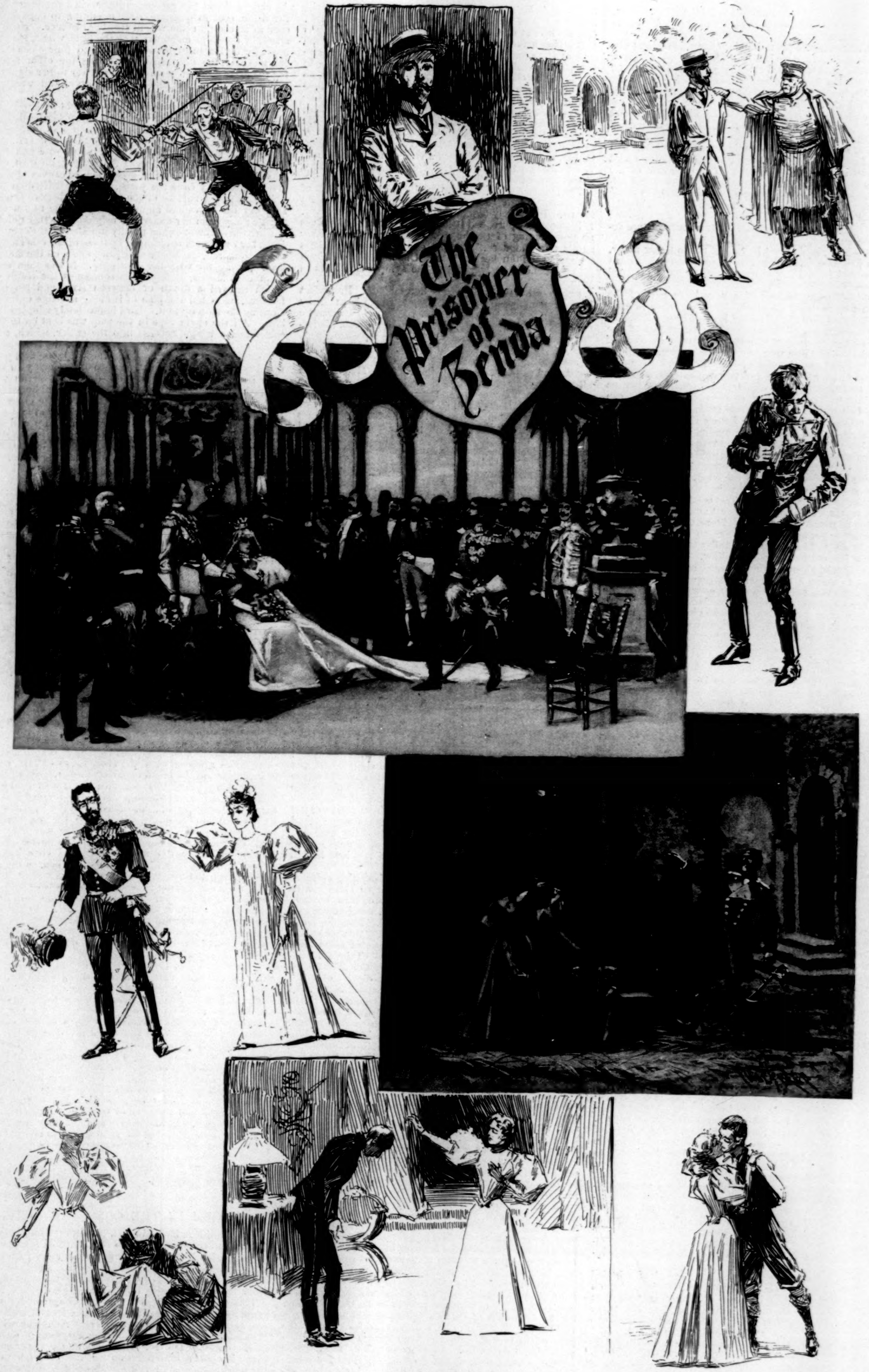
I remember very well my first drive down Elizabeth Street, early in January, from Bleecker to Bayard. It was lined on both sides with unharnessed trucks, and was filthy in the extreme from curb to curb. It reached into the region bounded by Canal, Elm, Chambers, Chatham, and the Bowery, which includes the Five Points, the Italian quarter, and the Chinese colony. All of this was unspeakably bad—worse, on the whole, than Elizabeth Street itself. The headquarters of the Department of Street-Cleaning were in this district, and it seemed to invite an early attempt to clean it If this filthy region could be cleared of its trucks and made clean, then all other parts of the town assuredly could be brought into good condition. It was necessary here to begin at the very beginning. The number of sweepers was doubled, and two active and intelligent young assistants—Mr. Bohn, formerly of Louisiana, and Mr. Stearns, a young graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology—were charged with the carrying out of the order. At the outset they had to keep together, and they were under the constant observation of a policeman. Much resistance was made to the removal of trucks, and for some days these young men were frequently assailed and insulted. Little by little they made some headway, and at the end of three weeks had succeeded, with the active help of the district superintendent, in clearing the district of substantially all unharnessed trucks, and in making good headway with the sweeping. Their work was often interrupted by snow. The populace soon ceased its opposition, and began to express its appreciation of what was being done, so that the policeman could be withdrawn, and they were safe in going about the region separately. Mr. Bohn was sent to other work, and Mr. Stearns was made an assistant foreman. During the worst of the February storm he was five days and four nights on duty without sleep. These efforts were seconded in a most able manner by Frank Duffy, the foreman of the section, who is still in charge of it.

As an evidence of the effect of systematic and thorough work, public attention is cordially invited to this whole region, which is as clean in every part as Fifth Avenue and Broadway, save that the pavement is not so good, and at times the truck-cart market leads to a good deal of temporary littering of the gutters. Driving through Elizabeth Street now, it seems impossible that it could ever have been otherwise than clean.

This work having been done, all else was very hopeful. The same methods were extended to other crowded quarters, and, little by little, throughout the city generally, until we can now say that every street and every part of every street is in as good condition as its necessary use makes possible under existing circumstances. At the same time, it must be confessed that no part of the city is as clean as it should be and as it may be made.

As an actual demonstration of what was accomplished, reference is made to the illustrations published in these pages in the issue of June 22, 1895, being photographs of the same spots in eight different parts of the town before our work commenced and after it had been in progress for less than five months.

In the removal of snow the work of the department has been no less successful than in the removal of dirt. It had been the custom in previous years to clear about twenty-six miles of streets. We cleared the snow completely from more than 128 miles of streets, besides shovelling it into piles in many other large sections. We spent on snow in five weeks and three days $173,839 20. Our predecessors had spent $178,787 34 in five years, beginning with 1889 (during which year $12,195 92 was expended, and 12,210 loads of snow were removed). During our five


The Prisoner of Zenda

SCENES FROM EDWARD ROSE'S ADAPTATION OF ANTHONY HOPE'S NOVEL AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE, NEW YORK.
Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 1024.]

weeks and three days we removed 253,481 loads of snow. During the five years above referred to our predecessors removed 221,567 loads.

The truck nuisance proved under energetic action to be much less serious than we had feared. Once taken hold of with a firm hand it yielded at every point, and at the end of four months had practically been abated. There are not to-day in all the streets of New York that come under the control of this department, with the exception of vehicles undergoing repair in front of wheelwright and paint shops, more than two or three dozen unharnessed trucks, all told.

Lack of space prevents a description of the organization of the force of the department, which includes about 2500 men and about 800 horses. The total cost of the work is from $2,500,000 to $3,000,000. Thus far all refuse of every kind, to the amount of over 2,000,000 cubic yards per annum, is towed out to sea and there dumped.

It will be impossible to secure anything approaching a thorough state of cleanliness until three reforms are accomplished:

First.—The people must be taught not to throw paper, banana peel, and other litter into the streets, or they must be prevented from doing so by an application of the legal penalties.

Second.—The pavements of a very large part of the city must be radically changed. They are often of such a horrible character that cleaning is made impossible.

Third.—Street-sprinkling must be taken out of the hands of the contractor, who sprinkles only in front of the premises of those who pay for the service. It must be so regulated as to be much less copious, and it must be absolutely under the control of this department, or, which would be better, the city would be kept so clean that no sprinkling will be necessary, so clean that no wind can raise a dust and no rain can create mud.

One reform in the methods of work that has now been demonstrated to be feasible is to remove all ashes in bags, and to have all street sweepings put into bags immediately on being gathered, abolishing the stupid custom of sweeping it into little piles along the gutter to be kicked about by horses and blown about by the wind.

The cost of the work that has thus far been done has, of course, been very heavy, but this is of no consequence. Cleanliness is worth any needed cost among such a seething mass of people as are crowded together on this island, and I have never had the least concern on this score beyond the duty of making every dollar tell in as effective work as the conditions would allow. There has been much silly talk about "extravagance," and some political attempt to make a tax-payers' bugbear of the fact that it has cost more than the amount appropriated to make the streets cleaner than those who fixed the budget for the year ever supposed that they could be made. But the tax-payers themselves are content, and, so far as I know, all the people are satisfied. The fact is that the cleaner the streets are made the better satisfied will they become. They will cheerfully pay the necessary cost, and the necessary cost will be very high.

Economy in street-cleaning is to be measured, not by the money that is paid for the work, but by the result of the expenditure. If dust and mud can be entirely abolished, if snow can be removed within a few hours of its falling, and if all this can be done for a fair compensation, no man, except for political effect, will ever repeat the word "extravagance" again in connection with this service, unless the politicians recover control of it.

RURITANIA ON THE STAGE.

For nearly two months the most successful play in New York has been the dramatization of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, made under the eye of the author, Anthony Hope Hawkins, by Edward Rose, an English playwright hitherto of no great renown. It came into view just as the long-continued popularity of the stage version of *Trilby* was beginning to wane, and in the hottest spell of the belated summer. It drew a crowd every night, and could, perhaps, be kept on the Lyceum Theatre stage profitably for a whole year. But Mr. Sothern and his associates must depart on their long winter tour of other towns before another month has passed, taking with them their whimsical romance of love and bloodshed in the nineteenth century.

As in the case of *Trilby*, the theatrical sages all shook their heads deprecatingly when the early announcements of a stage version of Anthony Hope's best story were made. They are not to be judged harshly on that account. Dramatizations of novels are generally unsatisfactory. That of *Trilby* is not a case in point either, but perhaps it is not worth while to go back to that now. It is certainly a very popular stage entertainment, and probably there is a million or so in it yet. But the sages were all wrong about *The Prisoner of Zenda*. A fanciful romantic story, founded on a comic hypothesis, full of adventure and incident, midnight mishaps under the illusive moon in Strelsau, encounters in the forest, strange happenings in a moat, has been transformed into a compact, vertebrate, absorbingly interesting play. Not a drop of the original rather volatile spirit has been lost in the transfer from one vessel to another. The play contains all of the story. Yet there are only four interior scenes, and a woodland picture in which nothing more exciting happens than the drugging of an uncrowned monarch already hopelessly tipsy. The text is, as the situation requires, piquantly witty, pleasingly sentimental, or hotly impassioned. The writing is simple and good. Most of Hope's dialogue is employed, but much of it had to be transferred from one personage to another and placed differently. The transfers have been made with good judgment.

The reason why a strain of the Elphberg blood mingled with that of the Rassendylls is told by Hope in few words and rather jocularly. It is one of those tales that seem to be jokes when told at men's dinner parties. But at the Lyceum it is told gravely and forcibly in a prologue—the time, 1733; the place, the Rassendyll house in London. It was a risky device, this prologue; but it is admirably successful. It prepares the spectator to take the impossible romance of Ruritania seriously. There is no lack of humor in the play, but its purport is grave. In the throne-room scene of Act II. the bewilderment of the substitute King reminds the spectator of the old after-piece called *The Buckle of Brilliants*, and the French operetta *Si j'étais le Roi*. The situation, indeed, is as old as the Arabian tale of Haroun al Raschid and the spendthrift. But the love at first sight of Flavia and the false King is that which makes the play. It is a passion as true as the love of Hero and Leander, of Romeo and Juliet. Hence the perfect illusion which the harmonious performance at the Lyceum creates. There are no horses, no ladders, no ambushed summer-house, no drawbridge and moat. There is comparatively little clashing of steel. The spectator knows that Ruritania is as mythical as the domain of Prester John or that of She Who Must be Obeyed. He is aware that Rassendyll's adventure is as unlikely as any of Munchausen's. But he feels that Rassendyll is, nevertheless, a real man and Flavia a true and lovely woman. The sentiment is never false; the denotements of human character are absolutely true.

The Prisoner of Zenda may not be the highest form of stage art, though the standards are getting somewhat mixed. It is surely higher and better than the ordinary. It is sweet and pure, and it is never tedious. It involves no new reading of the human character, and is neither subtle nor "modern." But it enlivens you, stimulates the fancy, and touches the heart. One moment you laugh joyously, and directly you feel the sympathetic tears in your eyes.

I have called the performance harmonious. Its perfect harmony is its greatest merit. The key-note is struck by Mr. Sothern, who is a sentimental rather than a romantic actor. He commands no great sweep of passion, his fervor is small though appreciable. He has a pleasing presence, a large fund of personal humor, a good knowledge of stage technique. He knows thoroughly what he cannot do, and never attempts the impossible. He carries, in all rôles, that air of good breeding which charms even the masses when it comes under their notice. He acts both the King and Rassendyll, and in the prologue appears also as the Ruritanian Crown-Prince of 1733. To his Rassendyll Miss Grace Kimball plays Flavia prettily and earnestly. She is modern, delicate, and somewhat restrained. The whole performance is equally good. Mr. Buckstone as the Colonel and Mr. Flockton as the Field-Marshal contribute well-composed characterizations that are always in the picture. As the dangerous follower of Black Michael, Mr. Selten is exuberant, but not too exuberant. Not one of the minor rôles is ill-treated. The English Ambassador, who is in sight a few minutes only, and the adorable wife of the ambitious Mayor of Strelsau, who speaks scarcely a word, are not impossible puppets, but persons who, we know, have their own cares, aspirations, and vanities. Promising acting is done in the two widely differing rôles of a harsh, crabbed, elderly Englishman and a gay young Ruritanian by a young actor whose name has been hitherto unknown on the stage, though not in the world, for the name is Howard Gould. The pictures are all beautiful, and the scene-painters, costumers, musicians, and electric and calcium light men have done their large share of work for *The Prisoner of Zenda* most creditably.

Edward A. Dithmar.

IN CHASE.

How often, with Marryat and Cooper, have we sailed in chase of the enemy, or made every endeavor, used every trick of seamanship, to escape capture by a hostile ship stronger than the sturdy frigate on which, in imagination, we were shipmates with the hero of the story! Cannot you see Tom Coffin "laying a sight" with the long nine on the fo'c's'le, and stepping to one side as the gun is discharged, peering with shaded eyes through the drifting smoke and flying spume as the sea breaks over the bows, watching the shot as it skips from crest to crest of the waves straight towards the flying enemy? And hark to the cheer that follows when breaking spar and collapse of drawing sail and the confusion aloft on the ship ahead bear witness to the skill of the long-limbed harpooner from Nantucket!

The history of all naval wars is full of exciting episodes of chase and flight, of capture and escape; and often as much skill, courage, and perseverance have been shown in evading an over-powerful enemy as in overhauling and bringing to bay an adversary's vessel. Rich in hard-fought combats with a brave and mighty enemy as was the harvest of glory of the young navy of the United States in the war of 1812, the long chase of the *Constitution* by Broke's powerful squadron and the final escape of "Old Ironsides" gave occasion for a display of subtle skill, admirable seamanship, stubborn determination, and indomitable courage on the part of officers and crew of that famous ship that forced reluctant tribute of admiration even from the unwilling lips of a discomfited enemy.

Some miles out to sea, off Barnegat, the wind was blowing very light on the morning of the 17th of July, 1812, so light as scarcely to fill the spotless sails of the *Constitution* (frigate, 44 guns, Captain Hull commanding), heading lazily to the northeast, as she rolled sleepily on the smooth long swell of the summer ocean, when the cry of "Sail ho!"—a stirring cry at all times in the solitude of the ocean, in war-times one that quickens the blood of every man within ear-shot—rang out from the lookout aloft there on the foremast. Far to the northward a small white patch relieved against the purple sky; another, then another, and yet one more slowly rose above the horizon, until four ships of war were revealed to the eyes of the blue-coated officers standing on the poop, eagerly scanning the strangers through their long spy-glasses. They were the British men-o'-war *Africa*, 64, *Shannon*, 38, *Belvidera*, 36, and *Æolus*, 32, four ships of Sir Philip Vere Broke's squadron, and were immediately headed toward the solitary Yankee frigate. For hours the enemy's ships hovered on the horizon like hawks, unable to lessen the distance between them and their quarry, when, late in the afternoon, as the *Constitution* tacked in the light wind, "sail ho!" again broke on the anxious ears of her crew, and another ship was discovered to the northeastward. The new-comer proved to be the *Guerrière*, 38, the fifth ship of Broke's squadron, and which but a few months later was to lie, a dismantled hulk, under the guns of the very ship she and her consorts were now endeavoring to capture. As the sun slowly sank in the west, the wind shifted and blew lightly from the southward. Undaunted by the overwhelming force of her adversaries, hoping to strike a blow at at least one of them while she could, the *Constitution* wore round and headed to the eastward, under light studding-sails and stay-sails. As night fell and she gradually approached the *Guerrière* the drum beat to quarters, Hull intending to engage as soon as he should come within striking distance. Nearly all night the ships manœuvred in the light winds, too far apart for action, until, between three and four o'clock in the morning, the *Guerrière*, discovering the other ships for the first time, and receiving no answer to her signals, mistook them for an American squadron, and wearing round, stood away from the *Constitution*.

As the sun rose, the wind being so light as barely to give the ship steerageway enough to keep her headed to the eastward, the *Constitution's* situation was decidedly critical. On her lee quarter lay the *Belvidera* and the *Guerrière*; astern of her the other ships rose and fell sluggishly. What light breeze there was soon died out entirely, and in a dead calm, every inch of canvas spread and hanging idly from the yards, the ships drifted on the unbroken glassy surface of the ocean. Hull gave orders to lower the boats, and an attempt was made to tow the frigate away from her dangerous neighbors—a ruse quickly discovered, however, and readily imitated by the enemy. With her own boats re-enforced by those of the other ships of the squadron, the *Shannon* began to gain on the American, opening fire with her bow guns. It was then that Lieutenant Morris, having made soundings, the result of which showed a depth of between sixty and seventy fathoms, suggested the plan of running a kedge out, and warping the ship up to it. Hull immediately adopted the idea. All the spare rope in the ship was bent on to the cables and a kedge lowered into the cutter, which, propelled by strong and willing arms, soon ran the line out to half a mile ahead of the ship, where the kedge was dropped. Quickly the capstan turned, manned by as many of the crew as could lay hold, and the kedge was overrun and tripped. Another had been sent out meanwhile, which was as speedily picked up as its mate, and the *Constitution* gradually slipped away, to the astonishment and dismay of the foe. A light breeze now sprang up, and the *Constitution*, running her colors up to the peak, fired a shot of defiance towards the *Shannon*. Again the breeze died out, and again the *Shannon* neared, while the *Guerrière* crept up close enough to open a harmless fire. All day long the unequal struggle continued, all day long, now relieved by light breezes, now taking to the boats again; by almost superhuman efforts the undaunted if nearly exhausted Yankee crew kept their ship just free of the clutches of her pursuers. Now the *Belvidera*, the British once more taking their cue from the Americans, used her kedges as the *Constitution* had done, and drew near enough to exchange shots; but not caring to risk the loss of her boats by the fire of her opponent, she was obliged to recall them, and again the *Constitution* slipped quietly away. Throughout the second night the work continued, officers and men relieving each other to snatch hasty naps on the decks between the guns, until morning broke on the third day of the chase. The *Belvidera* was then off the lee beam and on the same tack with the *Constitution*; the *Æolus*, drawing ahead, was passing on the contrary tack, the *Africa* far away to leeward, while the other two ships were following astern with all sail set. The breeze freshened as the day wore on, and the superior sailing qualities of the American ship were soon manifested, so that by noon the enemy was far behind, the *Belvidera*, although the closest up, being two and a half miles away, directly in the *Constitution's* wake.

Gathering clouds, freshening breezes as evening approached, gave renewed hope and strength to Hull and his men; fitful gusts of wind, pattering drops of rain, until, sweeping across the broad expanse of water, a squall came tearing along. And now occurred the climax in the exhibition of skilful seamanship and steady-brained Yankee daring. As the squall approached them the British ships let go and hauled down, not waiting for the wind to strike, but on the *Constitution* everything was kept fast until the very last moment, when at the hoarse call to shorten sail the active and well-trained crew had all clewed up in the twinkling of an eye. Then, as the gale tore through her rigging and she got the weight of the wind, main and foretop-gallant sails were hoisted, and, like a race-horse at the spur of the rider, the noble ship drove through the waters at an eleven-knot rate. As the scud passed away to leeward and the horizon cleared, the British ships were far astern, *Guerrière* and *Æolus* hull down, *Africa* almost out of sight, but with dogged determination the enemy still kept up the chase.

That night again the wind blew in light breezes, but, skilfully managed under Hull's untiring vigilance, with sails kept constantly wet, and advantage taken of even the slightest puff of wind, the *Constitution* steadily increased the distance from the enemy. Once again the sun rose; eagerly the sea was scanned for signs of the enemy. There, far distant on the horizon, a few dots on the sky-line, gradually disappearing, were all that marked the presence there of the enemy's ships abandoning the chase.

Under present conditions of naval warfare, with the powerful engines and high-powered guns of modern war-vessels, such an episode as this famous escape of the *Constitution* would hardly be possible. But though ships have changed and methods of warfare are different, still daring courage, seamanlike skill and dexterity, and, in addition to these qualities, the intelligence to adapt knowledge and experience to circumstances, are as characteristic of American naval men to-day as they were in the times when their predecessors first compelled respect to the American flag afloat.

Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum.

A REFORM IN THE CONSULAR SERVICE.

The President has issued an important order bringing consuls and commercial agents of the United States whose compensation is not less than $1000 nor more than $2500 under certain civil service regulations. Applicants for consular offices are to be examined hereafter to demonstrate the fitness of each for the place he is desirous to fill.

This reform has been urged on Congress for many years by those who believed that some special legislation was needed to bring it about. Every American who has been abroad has returned a strong advocate of a change in the consular system. Instances in the experience of every American traveller who has had occasion to seek the headquarters of his country abroad have demonstrated the ridiculous and often serious results of making consular appointments mere rewards for party service. The chief value of the consular service to the country is in the promotion of trade. And in a majority of cases the men selected to fill consular positions have been, under every administration, men who have no knowledge of trade conditions which would make them of value to their countrymen in extending trade relations. The possibilities for good of the consul or commercial agent have been shown of late years by the series of reports published in the bulletins of the Bureau of Statistics of the State Department. Every foreign agent of the government who has shown aptitude for the work has been encouraged to send to the department from time to time detailed reports on labor conditions, on new inventions, on any subject where the experience of the people of other nations could be of illustrative value to the people of the United States. At intervals special instructions have been sent to all consuls and commercial agents to make reports on particular industries; and volumes on the subject of the flour industry, of lumber, of the packing of goods for foreign shipment, and on many other topics of general commercial interest have been published by the State Department. These books have been distributed free to all who asked for them. At the same time all requests for information which could have a general value have been forwarded to consuls, and the results of their inquiries in special fields have been published in the monthly bulletins.

The results of this work have been the collation of much information of value to the commercial world, and its worth has been recognized by the correspondents of the State Department in every part of the country. But the very full and interesting reports received from certain agents of the State Department have been brought into unfortunate contrast with the reports of others, and the department has had in these a demonstration of the folly of appointing professional politicians of no business experience or capacity to fill consular positions. This is one of the causes which have led the President to issue his recent order putting the majority of the consuls and commercial agents under the civil service rules.

The commercial reports of the State Department were suggested by the French consular system, though they were not modelled after it. In France the chief education of the candidates for consular office is commercial. France has a most complicated educational system for the consular service. The French consuls are appointed from the attachés of the Bureau of Foreign Affairs. This feature of the French system has been adopted by the President of the United States in part in his recent order, for the employés of the State Department are to have preference in appointments to the foreign service. The attaché of the French Foreign Office is appointed in competitive examination, and he must have served at least one year in the home office before he is eligible to enter the consular service. When he applies for admission he specifies whether he is ambitious to enter in time the diplomatic service. The candidate for diplomatic honors passes a much more rigid examination than the candidate who aspires to nothing higher than a consulship.

The candidate for admission to the foreign service must be between twenty-seven and fifty years of age. He must have taken a degree in law, science, or letters, or have passed certain prescribed examinations, or be the holder of a commission in the army or navy. Then he must pass a written or oral examination, at the option of the examining board. In the written test he is required to write a composition on public and private international law, and a translation from English and German into French from matter which is dictated. The candidates for a diplomatic career write also a composition on some subject of diplomatic history since 1648; the candidates for the consular service, a composition on political economy or political and commercial geography. Those who pass this written examination are then examined orally in public on public and private international law, on political and commercial geography, political economy, and conversation in English and German. Candidates for the diplomatic career are examined also on diplomatic history since 1648, and candidates for the consular service on maritime and customs laws.

The successful candidate for appointment is made a pupil-consul. He remains in this grade for three years, one-half of which is spent abroad. At least one year of his term must be spent at one of the principal chambers of commerce studying commercial conditions and making reports to the Foreign Office from time to time on commercial subjects. At the end of three years the pupil-consul is eligible for appointment as vice-consul; after three years more, to a consulship of the second class; in another three years, to a consulship of the first class; and after three years more, to the post of consul-general. The salaries of these offices range from $800 for a pupil-consul to $3600 for a consul-general. At the age of sixty consular officers may go on the retired list and draw pensions. They cannot be suspended or dismissed from office by any one but the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and only with the consent of the council of directors.

England has a less rigid law governing consular appointments, but in that country too the profession of diplomacy is recognized as one requiring study and experience. Candidates for consulships in the British service must be examined for admission, and it is absolutely requisite that they understand French (the language of diplomacy) and the language of the country to which they are sent. The German language is recognized as the language of the northern ports of Europe; Spanish or Portuguese for the ports of Spain, Portugal, Morocco, and Central or South America; and the Italian language for ports in Italy, Greece, Turkey, Egypt, and on the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, except those of Morocco and Spain. Candidates must have a knowledge of British mercantile and commercial law, so as to enable them to deal with questions arising between ship-owners, ship-masters, and seamen. They must know enough arithmetic to enable them to make satisfactory reports on commercial questions. Moreover, where possible, the appointee must spend three months in the Foreign Office, so as to become acquainted with the forms of business there. Promotions are made for merit and length of service. There are never removals for political causes. A change of administration means no change in consular officers. The salaries of consuls average $3000 a year, and there is a pension list for those who are superannuated.

Almost all European countries have substantially the system of Great Britain and France—the appointment of persons who have demonstrated their competency, removal for other than political causes, and promotion for merit. The diplomatic and consular service of other great nations is like the army or navy service; it is a life vocation. Of all the great nations of the world, the United States alone has left the consular service subject to the buffetings of politics, and has regarded consular offices chiefly as rewards of political merit. G. G. Bain.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

A POUND OF FACTS
is worth oceans of theories. More infants are successfully raised on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk than upon any other food. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to N. Y. Condensed Milk Co., N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

FREE TO BALD HEADS.
We will mail on application, free information how to grow hair upon a bald head, stop falling hair, and remove scalp diseases. Address, Altenheim Medical Dispensary, 127 E. 3rd St., Cincinnati, O.—[*Adv.*]

The use of Angostura Bitters excites the appetite and keeps the digestive organs in order.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

the doctors

approve of **Scott's Emulsion.** For whom? For men and women who are weak, when they should be strong; for babies and children who are thin, when they should be fat; for all who get no nourishment from their food. Poor blood is starved blood. Consumption and Scrofula never come without this starvation. And nothing is better for starved blood than cod-liver oil. **Scott's Emulsion** is cod-liver oil with the fish-fat taste taken out.

Two sizes, 50 cents and $1.00

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York

Arnold
Constable & Co

Upholstery.

Tapestry,
Lace Curtains,
Embroidered Nets,
Embroidered Portieres.

Broadway & 19th st.
NEW YORK.

SORE EYES Dr ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

SOZODONT
USED BY CONNOISSEURS THE WORLD OVER

Pears'

Pears' soap is a reason for being clean, as well as the means.

From Maker to Wearer.

"This is the Shoe that Bliss makes."

The **Regal.**

One Price.
100 Styles.

Tabasco Toe, the narrowest made. Calf, Patent Calf and Russia Calf.

$3.50

Send stamp for Catalogue H **L. C. Bliss & Co.**

STORES: 109 Summer St., Boston; 115 and 117 Nassau St., New York; 1347 Broadway, New York; 291 Broadway, New York; 357 Fulton St., Brooklyn; 1305 F St., N. W., Washington; 69 Fifth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa; 78 Dorrance St., Providence; 219 E. Baltimore St., Baltimore; 119 North Main St., Brockton.

Factory, Brockton, Mass.

THE ONLY BICYCLE LANTERN BURNING KEROSENE OIL
SEARCH LIGHT
SEARCH LIGHT
BICYCLE LANTERN
MANUFACTURED BY BRIDGEPORT BRASS CO. BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Feet Resters
"Ball-Bearing"
Bicycle Shoes

make your feet feel delightfully easy and comfortable. You can ride so far without tiring. Everybody is wearing them. Men's, ladies' and children's. All sizes, all widths. Black $3.00 and Tan $3.50. Sold everywhere. Complete line of "Ball-Bearing" Shoes for Athletes, Foot Ball, Tennis, Golf, etc.

Pratt Lace Fastener secures laces without tying.

C. H. FARGO & CO., MAKERS, CHICAGO.

"BALL-BEARING" BICYCLE SHOE
C. H. FARGO & CO., MFR'S, CHICAGO.

This Trade Mark on every Heel.

VIOLETTES DU CZAR
(Czar's Violets)
CONCENTRATED PERFUMES
L. LEGRAND (Oriza-Perfumery) 11, place de la Madeleine. PARIS

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

THE shifting of population from country to city is, as Bishop Potter puts it in his recent address before the Diocesan Convention, "one of the most conspicuous notes of our generation." And he adds: "The phenomenal growth of cities, and this largely by immigration from smaller communities, indicates a tendency which grows greater instead of less, and the end of which no man may venture to predict."

Why the town has become more attractive and the country less so is not hard to explain. With fifty years of marvellous invention both a business and a social revolution have been precipitated. The bucolic days went when the locomotive and the telegraph came. As their later allies, the telephone and trolley, with other devices for extinguishing time and peaceful quietude, marched along, new businesses were developed, drawing active spirits into the whirl, and causing discontent with slow and ancient ways.

When the daily paper and the issues of the pictorial press are to be had each morning or before noon on far-off farms, telling of human activities in great towns, of fortunes rapidly made, and of multiplied schemes and entertainments, dazzling to the imagination, it might well have been predicted what history would ensue. All who are young and enterprising must be stirred. To see great things done and going on and not be a part of them would be and was left to the sluggish and to conservatism and age. In spite of some rudeness of the shock and some damage which we must all admit, no one wishes the events to go back or Time's dial-plate to be turned.

A few observers are noting already not only the compensations, that are to increase, but a certain automatic motion in the social machine which is yet to extinguish abandoned farms and revivify the rural neighborhoods. In the country better roads and better vehicles are coming. The electric light and new town library are being heard of, and nothing which invention can do will long be absent in the rural house or hamlet where only a few are gathered. So, if the country people have congested the large and small towns, it is easy to see that they have not been able to retain all the urban benefits, when we find so many of them running out into the country and through the open fields.

It may please Bishop Potter to know that the current State census of Minnesota, not quite finished, indicates even a redistribution of population against the tide so long prevalent. For, with the exception of Duluth, made so rememberable by Proctor Knott's wit, the cities—St. Paul and Minneapolis among them—have achieved but slight gains, while the country towns have increased more notably, relatively, in their population. It is not a bad indication, nor is it likely to be confined to one State when a few more years have passed.

With modern farm machinery, of course not so many farm laborers are necessary as were a half-century ago. A much less number can do the work needed, and do it more easily. Yet for those who take country outings the summer centre of country sociality will become more and more in demand. Civilization has doubtless made mankind more gregarious; but there is an automatic brake in the machine, as we have hinted, which will not let the world be wholly walled and paved.

JOEL BENTON.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Financial.

Letters of Credit. Bills of Exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and West Indies. Commercial and Travellers' Letters of Credit. Collections made.

Brown Brothers & Co.,
BANKERS, No. 59 WALL STREET.

THE LATTER END of a contract is vastly more important than the front end.

Five dollars saved on a premium is a trifle; five thousand dollars lost by bad security when the claim falls due is not a trifle.

Always try to find out which is likely to live longest, you or the company you insure in; and therefore whether the company is insuring you or you are insuring the company.

A thing you can't get after you have paid for it isn't cheap at half a cent.

THE TRAVELERS
OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Is the Oldest Accident Company in America, the Largest in the World, and has never reorganized or frozen out any of its claimants.

Rates as low as will give permanent security of receiving the face value of the policy.

Policies world-wide, and *as liberal as consistent with the Company's keeping alive to pay claims at all.*

Assets, $17,664,000. Suplus, $2,472,000.
Paid Policy-Holders, $27,000,000
$2,151,000 in 1894.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, PRESIDENT.
RODNEY DENNIS, SECRETARY.

Legal Notices.

ATTENTION is called to the advertisement in "The City Record" commencing on the 30th day of September, 1895, and continuing for nine days consecutively thereafter, of the confirmation of the assessment for opening and acquiring title to 134th St., between 3d and Brook Aves., in the 23d Ward.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.
City of New York, Finance Department,
Comptroller's Office, September 30, 1895.

ATTENTION is called to the advertisement in "The City Record" commencing on the 23d day of September, 1895, and continuing for nine days consecutively thereafter, of the confirmation of the assessments for opening and acquiring title to the following streets and avenues in the following wards:

Twelfth Ward. 9th Ave. from 201st St. to Kingsbridge Road; 111th St. from Amsterdam Ave. to Riverside Ave.; Isham St. from 10th Ave. to Kingsbridge Road.

Twenty-third Ward. 135th St. between 3d and Willis Aves.

Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth Wards. Plympton Ave. from Orchard St. to Boscobel Ave.

Twenty-fourth Ward. Briggs Ave. from Southern Boulevard to Mosholu Parkway; 174th St. from Vanderbilt Ave. East, to 3d Ave.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.
City of New York, Finance Department,
Comptroller's Office, September 30, 1895.

PARRET'S
Lightning Eradicator

For Removing Stains, Oil, Pitch, Grease, Dirt, Paint, and Spots from Silks, Carpets, Woollen Goods, etc., without injury.

When brought in contact with Grease converts it into a Soap, which, being sponged out, leaves the goods like new. It never leaves a ring on clothing after removing spots like Benzine, Alcohol, Ammonia, Ether, etc. It is splendid for Cleaning Kid Gloves, it cleans them on the hand without taking them off, and leaves them Soft, Dry, and Pliable.

IT WORKS LIKE A CHARM.

Sample box sent postpaid on receipt of 10 cts. Large size, 25 cts. For sale by all druggists.

PARRET & CO., 130 Pearl Street, New York City.

Beware of Counterfeits. None other Genuine.

Are You Unnerved?

Has society or business wearied and weakened you? The nourishing food drink,

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S
Malt-Nutrine
TRADE MARK.

will give you new life, restore the faltering circulation, quicken the lagging organs and build healthy flesh at the rate of two to five pounds for every bottle used. It is full of the nourishment needed by nursing mothers.

To be had at all Druggists' and Grocers'.

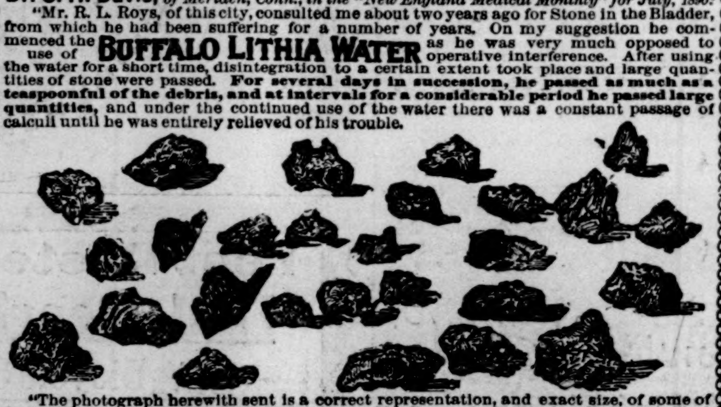
Prepared by ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWING ASS'N, St. Louis, U. S. A.

Send for handsomely illustrated colored booklets and other reading matter.

FINAL TRIUMPH—The Supreme Court of Washington, D. C. has awarded to the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n the disputed Highest Score of Award with Medal and Diploma of the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893.

CALCULI DISSOLVED
By BUFFALO LITHIA WATER Spring No. 2.

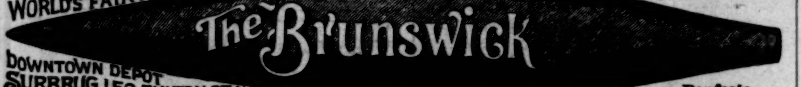
Dr. C. H. Davis, *of Meriden, Conn., in the "New England Medical Monthly" for July, 1890:* "Mr. R. L. Roys, of this city, consulted me about two years ago for Stone in the Bladder, from which he had been suffering for a number of years. On my suggestion he commenced the use of **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** as he was very much opposed to operative interference. After using the water for a short time, disintegration to a certain extent took place and large quantities of stone were passed. **For several days in succession, he passed as much as a teaspoonful of the debris, and at intervals for a considerable period he passed large quantities,** and under the continued use of the water there was a constant passage of calculi until he was entirely relieved of his trouble.



"The photograph herewith sent is a correct representation, and exact size, of some of the largest specimens of Calculi discharged by Mr. Roys. A chemical and microscopical examination showed that they are Uric Acid with a trace of the Oxalate of Lime."

This Water is for sale by druggists generally, or in cases of one dozen half-gallon bottles $5.00 f.o.b. at the Springs. Descriptive pamphlets sent to any address.

THOMAS F. GOODE, Proprietor, Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va.



HIGHEST AWARD WORLD'S FAIR 1893.

Exact Size.

DOWNTOWN DEPOT SURBRUG, 159 FULTON ST. N.Y.

Perfecto.

THE LEADING HAVANA CIGAR of the United States. Sold in every State in the Union. Equal to any imported cigar. We prefer you should buy of your dealer. If he does not keep them, send $1.00 for sample box of ten. Send money by registered mail.

JACOB STAHL, Jr., & CO., Makers, 168th St. and 3d Ave., New York City.

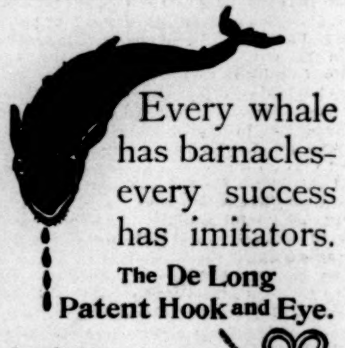
"SELVYT" BRAND
Polishing Cloths

Now being sold by all leading stores throughout the country, at 10 cents upwards, according to size. They entirely do away with the necessity for buying expensive wash or chamois leathers, which they out-polish and out-wear, never become greasy, and are as good as new when washed.

For sale by all Dry-Goods Stores, Upholsterers, Hardware and Drug Stores, Cycle Dealers, etc.

Wholesale inquiries should be addressed,
"SELVYT," 381 and 383 Broadway, New York.

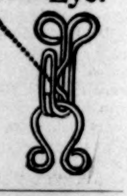
Well-dressed men wear shirts made of **Pride of the West** muslin.



Every whale has barnacles-every success has imitators.

The De Long Patent Hook and Eye.

See that **hump?**



Richardson & De Long Bros., Philadelphia.

ARE YOU DEAF?
DON'T YOU WANT TO HEAR?

The AURAPHONE will help you if you do. It is a recent scientific invention which will assist the hearing of any one not **born** deaf. When in the ear it is **invisible,** and does not cause the slightest discomfort. It is to the ear what glasses are to the eye—an ear spectacle. Enclose stamp for particulars. Can be tested **FREE OF CHARGE** at any of the **NEW YORK AURAPHONE CO.'S** Offices: **716 Metropolitan Building, Madison Square, N.Y. 488 Phillips Building, 120 Tremont St., Boston, or 848 Equitable Building, Atlanta, Ga.**

AMATEVR · SPORT

IF THE FOOTBALL RULES SEPARATELY EXPLOITED by Yale and Princeton, as representative of the Inter-collegiate Association, and Harvard, Pennsylvania, and Cornell as representative of themselves, had been merged into one common issue the game would have immeasurably benefited thereby. As it is, hesitation by small colleges, club, and school teams throughout the country as to the adoption of one or the other has led to no end of confusion, and instances are frequent where the old rules have been preserved intact. It is too late now to rectify the blunders of the year, but the close of this football season should mark the appointment of a general committee and the revision of the rules. The Inter-collegiate Association's days of usefulness seem to have passed, to be remembered chiefly as a relic of the time when Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania, and Wesleyan managed to agree; now it is reduced to Yale and Princeton. There is no doubt that such an association of colleges is desirable, and its impossibility, because these universities cannot pull together, deplorable. But it is certain that there must be some recognized authority in college sport with power to act, else the football chaos of this season may be regarded as merely an indication of a condition that will spread throughout all the country and into every game.

THE RULES OF FOOTBALL, baseball, track athletics, lawn-tennis, must be similarly interpreted wherever those games are played in the United States. An Inter-collegiate Association would and did at one time ensure this, but since such a legislative body cannot now be organized, the next wisest plan, probably the wisest of all, is the appointment of a general rules committee in the University Athletic Club.

THE "GROVE," ST. ANDREW'S.

The convention of such a committee at regular intervals, or on especial occasions if need be, would guarantee temperate discussion of differing views, and more satisfactory adjudication than is possible under the present systems. Moreover, this committee should hold a preliminary meeting, which captains and those *alumni* that keep in touch with the game be invited to attend. In other words, previous to going into session it ought to have the co-operation of all university men capable of aiding the cause by suggestion or criticism. The year '96 should find such a committee established; meanwhile we must make the best of the muddle these egotistical college legislators have left as a memorial of their efforts.

THE SIMPLEST AND WISEST COURSE for outside teams seems to be a medium one between the two sets of changes, and there is little doubt that the present tangle will eventuate in compromise, just as it has between Harvard and Princeton for their game November 2d. There are excellent suggestions in each of the two sets, but that made by Harvard *et al.* has the greater number.

> "RULE 1 (*f*). A free kick is a term used to designate any kick where the opponents are restrained by rule from advancing beyond a certain point. *If a side obtain a free kick they may put the ball in play by a punt, drop or place kick, and their opponents cannot come within ten yards of the line on which the free kick was made.*"

The italics are what Harvard has added to the rule.

The rule for a fair catch is an unending source of trouble, and apparently a wellnigh insoluble problem for our football legislators. Foreign legislators are, if one may trust the words of one of their players, no less bothered by a similar situation, for the Canadian players occasionally inveigh against their five (5) yard exit from the difficulty. And, by-the-way, it is proper to add here that the English and Canadian rule does not provide that opponents must keep five yards away from the man making the catch, but he may not be tackled until he has run five yards with the ball after making the catch. Last year our legislators rendered a player making or desiring to make a fair catch safe, but then proceeded to make it entirely unwise for him to take the catch by forbidding his right to have the ball down, and thus forcing him, if he heeled it, to at once return it into the possession of the opponents by a kick. It was really equivalent to a third down, without even the privilege there extended of a try to gain five yards.

BY THE YALE-PRINCETON RULES this year the player may have his choice of a down or a free kick, while the Harvard-Pennsylvania-Cornell rules give him all this and a still greater privilege of ten yards added to his kick—*i.e.*, the opponents must retire ten yards. In both rules a 15-yard penalty follows throwing the catcher. Yale obtains a fair catch by the old way—*i.e.*, of heeling, and may run after catching; Harvard may not, but "may pass it to one of his own side, who can run with it or kick it," otherwise the ball goes into play from a scrimmage or free kick. Harvard's idea of passing sounds attractive, and may develop some interesting play, though it will take a season's experimenting to be convincing. At present one wonders of what service such a privilege can be against good ends. The ends will know that the man catching the ball is forbidden from running with it, hence they will not be troubled to stop him; and what sort of an end would he be who could not prevent a run or kick when the would-be runner or kicker must receive the ball, unprotected by his forward line, on a pass from the man catching it? It does away with the fine runs of the back on a catch, which have so many times brought spectators to their feet in wild enthusiasm, yet it may lead to some novel and pretty work. At all events, it tends to open play, and that is always desirable.

CONSCIENTIOUS ENDEAVORS HAVE BEEN MADE by both parties to put sufficient power into the hands of the officials to prevent unfair tactics and to check brutality. But, alas! the problem is not so much to arm these policemen as to secure good ones. It always has been and always will be. And, worse luck, the goodness is relative, not absolute, and seems to have depended very largely on whose ox was being gored. Everything must be hung upon the developing and constant fostering of a traditional high spirit of fair play or the sport will go to the dogs inevitably. Such a spirit must spread if the vicious tendencies which choke it are promptly suppressed. There must be no more half measures in our rules, and, most important of all, officials must be supported without dissension by faculties, coaches, *alumni*, and the undergraduates generally. Harvard, Pennsylvania, and Cornell have evidently recognized this urgent need by appointing two umpires, and making notification to these of rule-infringement obligatory upon the linesmen. But the most important rule bearing on the necessity of the hour, which Harvard *et al.* have promulgated, is the following:

> "RULE 15 (*f*). After the game all questions of disqualification shall go before a committee of four, to be chosen by the faculty or athletic committee of the two competing universities—two from each. The committee shall have power to disqualify for the remainder of the season, for a year, or for any longer time, according to its discretion. In case of a tie vote the committee shall choose a fifth member, and the decision of the majority shall be final."

This is the most valuable of all these alterations, and if the full power given by the rule is used there will be an end to the hue-and-cry of brutality in football.

THE NEXT MOST VALUABLE ALTERATION is that made by Yale-Princeton touching momentum plays. To begin with, the '94 rules forbade "momentum mass plays," and defined them as those "where more than three men start before the ball." The distinction between a momentum mass play and a simple momentum play is on paper rather than on the field; at any rate, this rule did not check the plays that have been almost entirely instrumental in raising up the popular cry of brutality. Three men starting before the ball constitutes a momentum and a flying play—both belonging to that category of football developments which have been condemned. Harvard *et al.* have made no change in this rule, thereby showing reprehensible disregard of the lessons of last season. Yale and Princeton have agreed to substitute the following:

> "RULE 20 (*c*). In scrimmage, not more than one man shall start forward before the ball is in play. Not more than three men shall group themselves at a point behind the line of scrimmage before the ball is in play. Seven men or more shall be on the line of scrimmage until the ball is in play, except that the man playing the position of either end rusher may drop back, provided he does not pass inside the position occupied by the man playing adjacent tackle before the ball is put in play."

ST. ANDREW'S GOLF CLUB HOUSE.

THIS IS SOMEWHAT OF A RETURN to the old ruling, and has been criticised as reducing play to simple line-bucking by a single runner. But such criticism is exceedingly feeble, and emanates largely from quarters where the flying plays have received their highest development. To say that strategic plays end with the abolishment of momentum or flying plays is to advertise one's ignorance of the game. Nine-tenths of the momentum plays relied upon brute strength rather than strategy for success, and the other tenth consisted largely of the ordinary tricks done on double-quick time. Pennsylvania's flying interference and Harvard's Deland "Napoleonisms" were three parts rapidly propelled beef and one part skill. If football is to retain its position and maintain a wholesome growth, we require the order reversed, and three parts of skill to one of beef. And it seems to me this is just what Yale and Princeton have done in their ruling. As for the end of strategy, let those who so claim study this season's developments before growing too emphatic.

The good work towards eliminating scrapping in the line was begun last year, when the centre rush was given the entire ball rather than half of it, and has now been carried to its complete issue by Harvard *et al.* in their addition to Rule 25, that—

> "No player shall lay his hands upon or by the use of his hands or arms interfere with an opponent before the ball is put in play."

Two other excellent changes made by Yale and Princeton are to Rule 20:

> "If either-side thus forfeits the ball twice [*i. e.*, on kick-off] without it going into the field of play, it shall go as first down at centre of field to opponents."

And, again, permitting any player, whether off side or on side, to touch the ball on fumble in scrimmage.

The other alterations made are unimportant. The pity of it all is that there should be two different sets of alterations.

THE "DELL," ST. ANDREW'S.

SPORTSMANSHIP IS IN PLAYING for the sake of the game, and not for the sake of victory, thus spake President Schurman in his address to Cornell, and I suggest it as a motto to be engraved over the door of every college training-house in America. I offer it just now for the consideration of Yale and Princeton. I doubt if Sanford will be found on the Yale eleven in her final matches, nevertheless I cannot understand the policy that permits his playing at all.

There seems to be the necessity for an iron-bound rule, applying equally in football, baseball, and track athletics, that shall prohibit from 'varsity teams students who play on club teams. It may seem arbitrary, but such a ruling would certainly be to the interest of college sport.

If Princeton plays Wheeler against Harvard I shall be much surprised and greatly disappointed in Princeton. Wheeler has played four years; he is not eligible against Yale, and should not for a moment be considered against Harvard. To return to Princeton simply to play on the eleven when it meets the crimson would be highly discreditable to Princeton, and uncovering almost the very rock upon which these colleges split in '89.

THE "CRAG," ST. ANDREW'S.

"There has been too much thirsting for notoriety and too little consideration for the sport"—this was written in this Department last week, apropos of *alumni* and others exploiting themselves and their views through the newspapers instead of reserving their endeavors for the council-chamber. The tone of recently published interviews with one of the newest and most important members of Harvard's Athletic Committee and with a football coaching *alumnus*, prompts a second offering of the suggestion.

Harvard begins this season the strongest of any of the big teams, with the possible exception of Pennsylvania, and her prospects are unusually bright. She loses four men—Waters, Emmons, Mackie, and Wrenn—and but one of the positions left vacant will she be unable to fill without weakening her team. Harvard cannot replace Waters. He was the best tackle she had, and his position will not readily be filled. The candidates for Wrenn's position at quarter are Borden and Beale. Borden is not physically so able, and does not get into the interference as well as Beale; but he is quicker, and having used his head better this year, has thus far had the preference. For Mackie's position at guard Holt, a Freshman, is the promising man. He has the reputation of being the best guard ever sent up from Andover, and has made a creditable showing. As Norton Shaw is laid up with a bad knee, Rice and Jaffray have played at guard. Jaffray is a raw-boned Freshman who badly lacks maturity, but who gives some promise. The vital weakness of the Harvard team is at left tackle. Hallowell has water on the knee, and will not be able to play for some weeks. He is not a ground-gainer, but plays a strong game in the line. Gould, his substitute of last year, will probably soon stop playing. Stevenson and Connor, who have taken the position, have given little satisfaction. Wheeler, who was Waters's substitute last year, will probably not play. Houghton, a Groton end of great reputation, is making a strong bid.

For the other positions the old men are fighting in the usual manner. Frank Shaw is at centre, hard pressed by Doucetti, who shows plenty of football material. At right tackle Donald, a Freshman, is playing a steady game. Arthur Brewer and Cabot are at end, and as good a pair as we will see this season. Cabot is the better of the two, and his play resembles Hinkey's. His experience of last year was of much value to him. Behind quarter there is the old abundance of material, and a formidable array with Charley Brewer, Gonterman, Dunlop, Wrightington, Jack Hayes, and Fairchild. Hayes has at present a bruised and swollen muscle in his leg, and Fairchild gives most of his time to his studies, but both will be available when most needed. Fennessey has been induced to come out this year, and is playing at full-back, with an increasing liking for the game. There are, of course, the usual number of limps and halts all round, but the men are, if anything, in a bit better condition than at this time last year, and none of them is definitely out of the game.

The training of the Harvard team is to be an extension of the radically new principles which Mr. Lathrop introduced last year. Up to that time football men were given a severe course of training at the opening of the season in order to get them fit as soon as possible, and then were kept hard at work, first at individual and then at team play, until the eve of the great games. Lathrop's idea is that in football as in track athletics men should be trained to the day—that is, that they should never reach prime condition until the contest is at hand. It has been shown over and over again on the track that a man cannot continue doing his best more than a few days, or at most a week, at a time; and the same must obviously be true also of football men. Lathrop, who, by-the-way, is the official instructor in athletics appointed by the university, gives the men every day a preliminary practice, consisting of "starting" and falling on the ball; and then he has the elevens line up. At first they merely go through their signals; but after this they play two short halves, varying from five to twenty minutes. The Harvard team of last year were the best-trained team ever sent out by the university, and played throughout the Yale game with a snap they have never before equalled. In the Pennsylvania game, however, they showed the effects of the pace they had set in the previous game. The training this year will be perhaps a little severer, on the whole, in view of the series of important games; but it will be carried on along precisely the same general lines. I have been at pains to describe Lathrop's course of training at length, because it has always seemed to me that our football training is too severe; and I have many times advocated just such moderation. Such a plan is especially advisable for school elevens.

Harvard has been compelled to show her full strength once this season, and the exhibition she gave in her game with West Point does not augur well for her opponents later in the season. Never in any championship game did Harvard show a better defence or more careful and accurate play. Though the ball was wet, not a fumble did she make, and the backs caught perfectly under most trying conditions. It seems that Harvard has thus early mastered the faults which so commonly follow the best teams late into the season. Shaw shows improvement in his game at centre, and Harvard will get a very strong pair of guards from Shaw, a brother of the centre, if his twisted leg gets well in time, Jaffray, and Holt. Holt has the making of a player far better than Mackie, whose place he will probably fill. Jaffray plays a very steady game, considering his years and experience, and will be more valuable when he learns to handle his height and weight. A notable and encouraging feature of Harvard's play was the sharp aggressive work of the rushers.

The game with Brown on Saturday was notable chiefly because of Charley Brewer's hard tackling and fine punting against a strong wind, and Newell's good work at left end. Brown played a hard game in the first half, and fairly earned their six points by sending half-back Fultz through right tackle Houghton, and passed Fairchild for a touch-down and goal. Harvard's formations behind the line were not very efficacious, and, though scoring 26 points, their play was not so good as against West Point. Brown shows a very great improvement, and their game with West Point will be a close and interesting one.

If Harvard improves, and the next two weeks will tell, she will have an exceptionally strong team, and will defeat Princeton, and may win from Pennsylvania. This is Harvard's year if she makes the proper use of her men.

A rather unexpected "line" on Pennsylvania's strength was afforded by the game with the young Indians from the government school at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, on the 16th. Uncle Sam's wards, though in some respects almost greenhorns, showed an astounding aptitude for the game, and followed the ball, broke through the line, and tackled like demons. Indeed, no more consistently fierce and accurate tackling has ever been seen outside of a championship game; it seems to be a natural knack with the Indians. As they also played together with a silent and terrible earnestness, and were like India-rubber to hold and catapults to stop, Pennsylvania, which has been running up big scores against comparatively weak and soft teams, was thoroughly surprised in the first half, and came within a yard of being scored on. I fear that I never saw white men play with such terrific earnestness and yet such absolute fairness. In the second half, however, U. of. P. set a very fast pace, and scored five touch-downs, whereas only three had been scored in the first; moreover, the line held like a vise, and the Indians, whose mere physical strength was in itself tremendous, could hardly gain a yard. The final score, 36 to 0 (only two goals being kicked, on account of an injury to Brooke), was therefore encouraging to the coachers. It was the first really hard game played, and showed the new men not afraid to go into the scrimmages.

In fact, Pennsylvania presents the not unfamiliar sight of a veteran team which has lost several stars, promising better work than ever in spite of the loss. The reason in such cases is a combination of ripened experience on the part of the veterans and willingness on the part of the new material. This year U. of P. has the same team as that of last year, less Knipe, Osgood, and Rosengarten. In this year's line-up Gelbert has been dropped back from left end to left half, and Minds from right tackle to right half. This leaves right tackle and the two ends to be filled by new men. Gelbert, owing to a strain, has not been at his full speed, and Minds is scarcely on a par with Knipe, nor so good now as Osgood. Yet Pennsylvania is stronger both in offence and defence than at a corresponding time last year. All of which justifies the claim that Osgood, for all his brilliance, was a drawback to team-work.

Of new men for the heavy positions in the line the chief are Off, Stannard, Farrar, and Stearns. The first two have been tried both at guard and tackle. Both are strong heavy men and good ground-gainers, but both are slow as yet, and are rather easy to pass. Stannard will not make a tackle, but will be kept as a substitute guard. Off, who is at present occupying Minds's old place, has a strong rival in Farrar, who has been kept back by an injured finger; the latter gets into the interference better, and is faster and quicker, but cannot break the line so well. Stearns is also a tackle candidate, but the "scrub" experience of the other men places them well ahead of him. For the ends there are three very promising youngsters, Boyle, Dickson, and Hedges, all fast and active, and good tacklers, the first two named being clever at running with the ball. Both are apt to run back, however, and neither plays in quite far enough when on the end. All three go fearlessly into the interference; Boyle and Dickson may be expected to fill the positions in the Harvard game, unless the former fails to learn to follow the interference better when running.

Of the old men there is little to be said. Bull, Wharton, and Woodruff are playing together better than ever. Wagenhurst at left tackle seems a trifle slower than last year. Williams is running the team with great judgment, and, barring a fumble or two, is putting up a "star" game. He does not yet start his plays with championship rapidity. Minds at half-back is slow in starting, but runs hard and fast. He will probably be played at full-back until Brooke recovers from the strained shoulder received in the game with the Indians. Minds took the place when Brooke was hurt without any previous practice, and though his kicking was a little irregular, he was perfectly cool, and saved a safety touch-down at least. Up to the time of his injury Brooke had been doing consistently good work, and his low kicking had greatly improved. Gelbert, after a long rest, seems rounding into his old shape. With Minds at full, Orbison and Blair will be tried at half. Blair, who went in in the Carlisle School game, is also a substitute quarter, as is Harrison, a son of the Provost. As a team Pennsylvania is displaying great dash and concentration, though the interference is still too individual.

Pennsylvania's great danger, one that might cost it the Harvard game, is of the team's ripening too soon.

Yale has suffered most, next to Princeton, in loss of experienced players, and as a consequence begun the season below her usual standard. Her games thus far have shown the eleven moderately strong in offensive play and ragged in defensive. This latter is occasioned by the continual changing of the men, and furnishes no cause for anxiety at present. Yale begins the season with but one man of her last year's eleven in the line, Murphy, and but two back of the line, Thorne and Jerrems. But Chadwick, guard, and Louis Hinkey, end, were used in both the Harvard and Princeton games last autumn, as was also Letton, who is the best man Yale has at present for full-back. So Yale has really but four places in the line to fill with new men. Cross, the hammer-thrower, is holding centre in a way which indicates him a fixture. He has every natural qualification for the position, but until this year he has known he had no chance against Stillman, and his efforts were probably not his best. If he had a year more he would be Stillman's equal, but the latter, in his four years of hard and faithful plodding, which he ended so brilliantly, has set a standard not to be reached in one season. Yale will have trouble in filling at least one of the positions left vacant by Hickok and McCrae. Chadwick will fill one if he can keep his head, and Sanford, Brown, Longacre, and Sheldon are trying for the other. It is to be hoped that some one other than Sanford will make the position, as Sanford should have finished his football career in '93, and Yale lays herself open to criticism by playing such a man. Then there is Bennett, a monstrous Hartford boy, with very little experience, and who cannot be counted on for this year.

Yale's centre will be weaker than it was last year. Murphy will play in his old position at left tackle, and he is one of the best Yale has had. Rodgers, the Andover man, has the preference for the other tackle position. His playing is strong, and he may even improve upon last year's man. Murray, another tackle candidate, is rapidly playing down the mistakes he made last year. Louis Hinkey and Bass will play the ends, though Greenway, a brother of last season's excellent rusher, is making his presence felt.

Yale will be strong on the ends, though she can scarcely hope to equal the men she has had there for the past three years. Fincke, as quarter-back, is a fixture and a reliable player, and Thorne and De Witt will play the halves. De Witt has twice missed playing, once on account of a death in his family, and last year on account of his own illness, which kept him out of the big games after he had fairly won his position. Barring accident, he will make up for lost time this year. Yale is very strong in these positions. Mills has the making of a good half, and next year will get his chance. Jerrems and Letton are fighting it out for full-back. Letton seems to be the better all-round man, and his offensive play is much the stronger. Jerrems punts correctly, and as far as Letton at present, but if the latter is properly coached he will send the ball much farther. Thorne will do what drop-kicking there is done, as last year. Yale will have by no means a weak team, and possibly a very strong one. With their one big game a month off, one must not look for developed defensive play from Yale just now, and her showing against Orange Saturday was no weaker than might have been expected. Orange has a heavy veteran team—much stronger than the universities usually meet so early. Still, it made one rub one's eyes to see Yale's goal-line crossed twice. Thorne, De Witt, Cross, and Fincke were largely responsible for what good work Yale did. There was little team-work, and the defence very weak. Score, 24–12.

Princeton's loss of veteran players has been the greatest; Captain Lea opened the season with seven positions to fill. Last year Princeton began with her championship team practically intact, and ended in defeat and a miserable display of football and training. This year, although the individuals are less skilful, there is prospect for much better team-work. There is hardly time yet to judge of the training, but it looks as if the same old *ignis fatuus* is to be followed. One might suppose the splendid results of '93's rational training would be remembered to some purpose. Until Princeton met Lehigh on Saturday no opportunity had offered of noting how far the team has progressed. Both Lafayette and the Seminary are of indifferent strength, and the ground on each occasion was wet, and several of Princeton's regulars missing; but even so, the football was very poor. Practice on the home grounds has shown some very good material, though none of it has as yet revealed high-class form. Neither Riggs nor Rhodes, who are playing the guards, is getting snap into his play. Riggs is not showing so good a game at guard as he did last year at centre. Rhodes is slow. No criticism can be made of Lea at tackle; there is none better in the country; and Church, the other tackle, nearest approaches 'varsity form of all the new men; his long experience on the scrub ought to have taught him something by this time. Gailey, at centre, is huge and strong and fairly active, but shows inexperience naturally. Nevertheless, he is one of those improving men from whom much may be expected.

Cochran and Johnston are the accepted ends; each has had several years experience, but neither is yet the equal of Brown or Trenchard of last year. Of several quarter-back candidates Smith seems showing the best, with Brokaw second, and none is notable. Rosengarten, Armstrong of last year, and Fulton are doing the best of the halves, and Pope is making the strongest bid for full-back of the new men, with Bannard of last year about even.

If Princeton hopes to win from Yale this year she must work as never before. The team's composition is of good material, but will require a lot of drilling to develop high-class play. Although Princeton beat Lehigh, 16–0, Saturday, her showing emphasized the need of hard work if trustworthy team-play is to be acquired in ten days. Were the team not to be called on for its best endeavors until the Yale game, there would be no occasion for apprehension because of its present undeveloped condition, but with the Harvard game so close, it seems impossible the eleven can reach its best form in time to escape defeat on November 2d. Princeton has decided not to play Wheeler, and this justifies our faith in her sporting honor.

Cornell's first games have shown the eleven to be in about the same predicament as Princeton—some good material that needs drilling, and a team which has not settled to its work. In Cornell's case this situation arises because her coach has probably been sizing up his material, and feeling the weak and strong points. Full-back has been a worrying problem, but if Fennell can fit in there satisfactorily one of the weak spots will have been made strong. Schoch, the new centre man, thus far is not acceptable, and must improve greatly to be so. There is no fault to find with Freeborn, the old guard, nor with the play of Rogers, the old tackle, who has been moved to guard, but the latter is rather light for his new position. The present tackles are Hall of last year and Sweetland of Union's '94 team, and the ends Beacham and Taussig, or Lyles, a new and improving man. If the new centre works into shape Cornell will have a strong line. Behind the line there is no need of apprehension with Wyckoff at quarter, Starbuck, and Saussy, a new man, who is doing well. Although the Harvard game (October 26th) will come before Cornell has attained her best form, the game with Princeton, November 9th, will find the eleven very fit, and equal to making the issue very close. Absence of Wyckoff, lack of team-play, and a strong wind account for the defeat by Lafayette—6–0.

Since West Point has shown herself capable of playing Harvard and Yale with even chances of victory, her eleven must be said to have graduated from the second class to the first. This is a remarkable advance, considering football to be but six years old at the Military Academy, but those that have had charge of her interests have shown good sense in devoting all their time to one system of play. For the past four years only Yale coaches have instructed the teams; first Williams and Corbin, then Bliss, and for last year and this, Graves. So the progress of football at West Point has been rapid, and that, too, on a solid foundation. Such players as King, Stacy, Nolan, and Lott are strictly of the first class, and among the best we will see this season. West Point's game with Yale last year, in which Yale barely escaped a defeat, was really the first indication of the Academy team being dangerous, and the game with Harvard on October 12th amply substantiated what last year suggested. Harvard was very hard pressed at the close of the game, and a few minutes more seemed to be all that was needed to tie the score. West Point's defence was almost perfect, and that, too, with Harvard realizing that she must do her best to win at all.

Caspar W. Whitney.

"AMERICAN FOOTBALL."—By Walter Camp.—Illustrated.—Price $1 25.—Harper & Brothers.

"A WORD IN YOUR EAR"

THE SECRET OF BEAUTY of the complexion, hands, arms, and hair is found in the perfect action of the Pores, produced by

Cuticura SOAP

The most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet, bath, and nursery.

Sold throughout the world. British depot: F. NEWBERY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London. POTTER DRUG & CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

Pall Mall Magazine

NOVEMBER NUMBER—Now Ready.

EDITED BY

Lord Frederic Hamilton and Sir Douglas Straight.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

The following are some of the most noteworthy features among a large number of contributions from famous men and women writers:

Sir LEWIS MORRIS.—"From a Ruined Tower."
W. L. ALDEN.—"The Fatal Fishing Line."
LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.—"When I wander away with Death."
GRANT ALLEN.—"Evolution in Early Italian Art."—VII.
SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.—"His Honour and a Lady."—Chapters IX.-XII.
S. LEVETT YEATS.—"The Foot of Gautama."
etc., etc., etc.

Besides a superb photogravure frontispiece by Hugo Salmson, the whole number is profusely and beautifully illustrated by well-known artists, many fine full-page plates being included.

Editorial Offices: 18 Charing Cross Road, London, W. C. Publishing Offices: London, 18 Charing Cross Road, W. C.; **New York: The International News Company;** Toronto: The Toronto News Company; Montreal: The Montreal News Company.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided for our breakfast and supper a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus:

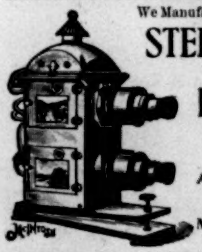
JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd.,
Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

WHITE ROSE
TRADE MARK
No. 4711
GLYCERINE SOAP

SHIELD
Yourself against all Impurities of the SKIN By USING No. 4711 WHITE ROSE Glycerine Soap.
DELICACY OF PERFUME. NO ROSIN.
U. S. Agents,
MÜLHENS & KROPFF, N. Y.

We Manufacture, Import, and Deal in

STEREOPTICONS AND LANTERN SLIDES



Accessory Apparatus of Every Description.
Write for Catalogue V.
McIntosh Battery & Optical Co., Chicago.

POCKET CASH REGISTER

GREATEST NOVELTY UP TO DATE *Rings up everytime you spend 5cts.* Dollars add themselves automatically. Just the thing for men's double watch chain. Invaluable to ladies when shopping. **HANDSOME AS A WATCH.** *Agents COIN money. Sells at sight.* Nickeled 50cts. Heavy 18k Gold Plate $1. *Sent on receipt of price.* **DOYLE & CO., Sole Makers**
WORLD BUILDING, N. Y.

20th Edition—Postpaid for 25 cents (or stamps.)

THE HUMAN HAIR

Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy.
By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F. R. A. S., London.
A. N. LONG & CO., 1013 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.
"Every one should read this little book."—*Athenæum.*

Telegram from Russia:

"SEND TO ANITCHKOFF PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG, IMMEDIATELY, ONE DOZEN VIN MARIANI, FOR HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY, EMPRESS OF RUSSIA."

Ordered by the Court Physicians.

A subsequent letter, ordering a further supply of fifty bottles "Vin Mariani," states that H.I.M. the Empress of Russia has derived the greatest benefit from its use.

VIN MARIANI

"The Ideal Tonic Wine."

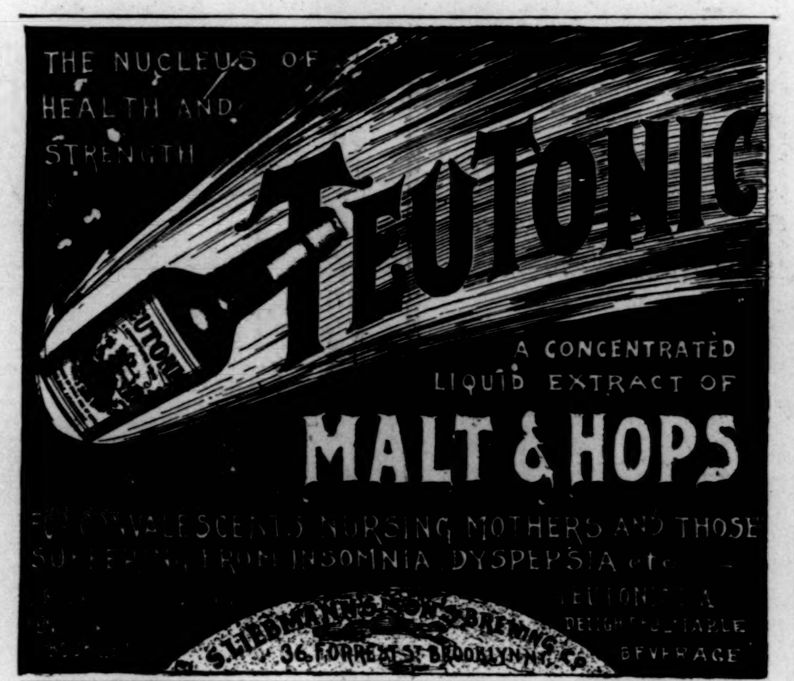
Fortifies, Nourishes and Stimulates the Body and Brain.

It restores Health, Strength, Energy and Vitality.

Avoid Substitutions. Ask for "Vin Mariani" at all Druggists.

For Descriptive Book with Portraits and testimony of noted Celebrities, write to

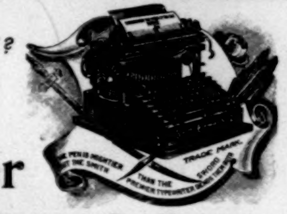
MARIANI & CO., 52 W. 15th St., New York.
PARIS: 41 Bd. Haussmann.
LONDON: 239 Oxford Street.


THE NUCLEUS OF HEALTH AND STRENGTH
TEUTONIC
TEUTONIC
A CONCENTRATED LIQUID EXTRACT OF
MALT & HOPS
FOR CONVALESCENTS NURSING MOTHERS AND THOSE SUFFERING FROM INSOMNIA DYSPEPSIA etc
TEUTONIC A DELIGHTFUL TABLE BEVERAGE
S. LIEBMANN'S SONS BREWING Co
36 FORREST ST BROOKLYN N.Y.

The New No. 2 Smith Premier Typewriter

"Improvement the Order of the Age."

HAVE YOU EXAMINED IT?



Many Improvements Heretofore Overlooked by Other Manufacturers.

Address
THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO., Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A. (Branch Offices in 29 principal cities in the United States.)

Aids Digestion. Established 1869. **Improves the Appetite.** Capital $1,000,000.00. **Clears the Throat.** Patented 1871.

ADAMS' PEPSIN TUTTI-FRUTTI

CHEWING GUM.

Save the coupons in each Five-cent package. Adams & Sons are the originators of the now world-famed Chewing Gums. ALL OTHERS ARE IMITATIONS.

ADAMS & SONS CO., Sands Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CHICAGO, ILL. TORONTO, ONT. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LONDON, ENG.

PROVIDENT LIFE AND TRUST COMPANY, OF PHILADELPHIA.

Insurance in Force, $104,000,000. Assets, $27,049,118.95.

In everything which makes Life Insurance safe, desirable, and moderate in cost the Provident is unsurpassed. Agents carefully trained and instructed.

GOUT?

For Sale by Druggists.
PAMPHLET FREE.
LEHN & FINK, Agents, New York.

SCHERING'S PIPERAZIN WATER

RECOMMENDED FOR
Gravel, Calculus, Lazy Liver, and all Uric Acid Troubles.

WILL CURE IT.

Try a Bottle of Evans' India Pale Ale

C. H. EVANS & SONS
INDIA PALE ALE
HUDSON, N.Y.

It's sure to please you.

If you want Richer Blood

Now is the time to drink

EVANS' STOUT

A record of over half a century is a guarantee that cannot be questioned.

Every article used in

PHOTOGRAPHY

may be obtained from us.

CAMERAS

in every style, at all prices.

FREE. Handsomely Illustrated Catalogue mailed FREE on application.

"Anthony's Photographic Bulletin," per year, $2.
"The International Annual for 1895," 75 cents.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., 591 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Cheese Fanciers everywhere find a pleasing Delicacy in the soft, rich

American Club House Cheese.

"It Tickles the Palate." *It's Worthy a Place on the Best Tables.* Put up in hermetically sealed glass jars to prevent mold and waste. A regular-size jar will be sent to any address, express prepaid, on receipt of 50 cents.

"I am exceedingly pleased with the Cheese."—Mrs. S. T. Rorer.

CHANDLER & RUDD CO., 38 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.

Top Snap Extension Rib DOUBLE Breech Loader $7.50 GUNS BUY-CYCLES
Pistols, Sporting Goods, Fishing Tackle, cheaper than elsewhere. Send 2c. for 60-page catalogue.
POWELL & CLEMENT CO. 166 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

If afflicted with SORE EYES use Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

***One if not two books which are entitled to a high place in modern fiction, and one book certainly of which the interest is enthralling.*—George W. Smalley in letter to London Times.**

By HENRY B. FULLER

WITH THE PROCESSION

A Novel. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

THE CLIFF-DWELLERS

A Novel. Illustrated by T. de Thulstrup. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 50.

The book is great, there is no question of it. It is large and deep. It contains every element of grandeur.—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y.

Beecham's pills for constipation 10¢ and 25¢. Get the book at your druggist's and go by it.

Annual sales more than 6,000,000 boxes.